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The Week

THE League of Nations has survived a whole series of crises, each of which was at the time described as a life and death matter. For that reason one hesitates to use the phrase again; yet it is true that the situation which confronts the League at its September meeting is one of the gravest in its history. The failure to obtain the admission of Germany last March and bring the Locarno agreements into effect, which resulted from the demands of Brazil and Spain for permanent seats on the Council, not only gave a severe blow to the much-vaunted spirit of Locarno, but enhanced the danger that the powers would trade among themselves behind the League's back and thus build up a series of alliances which would involve the threat to peace such alliances always entail. This is in fact what has been happening. France, Italy and the Balkan states in particular have been especially active in making a whole network of treaties. In theory these are not incompatible with the League, but actually they can only be interpreted as providing an alternative arrangement in case the prestige of the Geneva body should be suddenly and calamitously decreased in the near future.

NOW the question of Germany's admission is up again and again serious difficulties are in the way. Admission to the Assembly, requiring only a vote of two-thirds of its members, presents no problem. But for a seat on the Council a unanimous vote of the Council members is required. Brazil will not be represented at the meeting, but Spain will be, and is in the same mood as in March. Moreover there is Poland to be taken into account, which also wants a permanent Council place—to which Germany will not at present consent. The Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian has recently made charges which go even deeper. He declares that M. Briand and Mr. Chamberlain are really behind the demands of Poland and Spain—not of course with the idea of wrecking Locarno, but hoping to force Germany to make other concessions to France and England in order to get her permanent Council seat. Such activities would be dangerous in the highest degree; but there is nothing inherently improbable in the story. Lord Cecil is the author of a scheme which may prove feasible, for enlarging the number of Council seats for the lesser powers from six to nine. Only three of the nine occupants could be reëlected to the Council at the conclusion of their terms. These three semi-permanent places might be used to placate Poland, Spain and Brazil. It may also be possible of course to bargain with Spain over Tangier; her recent declaration on the subject is generally interpreted as having been made for that purpose. However, the whole matter is on the knees of the gods. The friends of the League will have reason to be thankful indeed if the organization survives September with its present none-too-high prestige intact.

SECRETARY KELLOGG last week made standard speech A-2 on America and world peace. This country hopes, he said, that something substantial will be achieved by the Preliminary Conference on

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Limitation of Armament, now dragging its weary way across the stage at Geneva. The United States is not so much concerned with land armament, but greatly desires to see navies cut again as was done in 1921. At the same time, we will never agree to permit inspection by any international commission charged with the task of seeing that armament agreements are carried out. A day or so later, President Coolidge came in nicely with his customary part in the duet. The United States is pinning high hopes on the Geneva conference. But should these be disappointed, this country would not be averse to calling another Washington conference to supplement what was done at the first one.

THIS sort of thing is intended to put moral pressure on the Geneva gathering. Coolidge and Kellogg have tried it before and it has been temporarily effective; but that it can accomplish lasting results, no one can believe. The nations represented at Geneva have no intention of moving an inch in the direction of disarmament until their security is guaranteed and triple guaranteed in some other way. At present such guarantees seem more remote than they did six months ago—and there was only a faint hope then. Moreover, invitations to a naval arms conference at Washington in 1926 would meet a vastly different response from that of 1922. The further we get from the conference, the less important do its results appear. Also, the former invitation of the United States came when the armament race was breaking the back of every country except our own, and promised to put an end to a struggle in which we were certain to come out victorious. This condition no longer exists, while international jealousies are stronger than ever. The present ambition of the administration is praiseworthy; but it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the obstacles in the way of its attainment are indeed enormous.

THE revolution in Greece which has brought General Condylis into power in place of General Pangalos will make little change either in the internal or external situation. This régime like its predecessor is a military dictatorship, the coup having been brought about with the aid of politicians whom Pangalos had ousted but had neglected to hang, as he did several of their colleagues. Condylis has promised to create a coalition cabinet and call a genuine general election. Pangalos made the same promises and never fulfilled them, and there is no more reason to trust the declaration of the new dictator than those of his predecessor. The latter had grown unpopular with the people. This was not, however, because of the suspension of constitutional government, but because he was unable to halt the decline of the currency. It is difficult to believe that Condylis will do any better, or that his government will survive much longer than have its eight predecessors in the past three years.

PRESIDENT CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, dying at Northeast Harbor in his ninety-third year, leaves a name and a record of achievement which are beyond the malice of time. It had become a commonplace to call him the first American citizen and it was the truth. He was first because he was best—the perfect type of the distinctively American strain, the finest product through ancestry, training, environment and experience of the forces which make American character. President Eliot transcended the New England of his birth, and became a national figure. He raised a puny, provincial New England college to be our national university, the first home of American learning and teaching. He extended his quickening influence to all other colleges, universities and professional schools, and to our whole structure of education. He took a distinguished part in public affairs; and on retirement after a glorious forty years of the presidency of Harvard he went on in the wider service of his country, responding with prompt and generous enthusiasm to the calls which were unceasingly made on his energy and wisdom. It is a sign of promise in the America which he served and loved that the entire country should recognize that in him it has lost a great man.

STRIKING confirmation of Mr. Sisley Huddleston's account of Europe's fear of us, printed two weeks ago in the New Republic, comes from Dr. Moritz J. Bonn of the University of Berlin at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. Europe has good reason to fear that in the process of climbing out of the post-war muddle she will have to make financial engagements to the United States, both public and private, so heavy that she will not be able to escape them for generations. "Economic peonage" as Doctor Bonn calls it, will ensue if Europe's debts to the United States cannot be paid off within a reasonable time, partly on account of an inability or unwillingness to accept the requisite imports from her, and partly because we may easily keep on reinvesting our savings abroad. It is easy to point out that countries like Great Britain for years subsisted partly on foreign investments in less developed regions—notably the United States. But it is one thing for a highly industrialized nation to draw a surplus of imports from comparatively thinly populated countries which can export large quantities of raw materials, and quite another for a normally exporting country to impose within a brief space of time a heavy debt burden on highly industrialized and thickly populated centres, with no corresponding increase in their productive resources. Under these circumstances the "economic disarmament" of the United States which Doctor Bonn calls for may be not only desirable but inevitable.

AT LAST the Mellon aluminum monopoly, which the Federal Trade Commission censured, the De-

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partment of Justice refused to prosecute, and the Senate by a bare margin of two votes failed to bring to the bar, is apparently to come before the courts for judgment. George D. Haskell of Springfield, Mass., who was about to enter into competition with it in partnership with the late James B. Duke, was, according to his own account, cheated out of his prospective profits by the seduction of Mr. Duke into the fold of the Aluminum Company of America. He therefore sues that Company for triple damage under the Sherman law, and since he estimate his probable profit at $15,000,000, the damages asked reach the substantial sum of $45,000,000. If this suit ever comes to trial, and if it is not confused and lost in a maze of technicalities, and if any of us live long enough to see the final judgment, we may learn whether the Aluminum Company is legally a monopoly or not, or whether it practices unfair competition. In the meantime the consumer of aluminum ware probably will not be much concerned one way or another. We already know roughly that the Aluminum Company is a monopoly economically, whether or not it has a legal ground for being so. Competition might enable us to buy aluminum slightly cheaper, but the price is already fairly low, doubtless made so on account of the corporation's desire for the profits of wide distribution and mass production. The really important question to most of us is not whether the Haskells can compete with the Mellons, but what the Mellons do with the immense power that their accumulated profits give them, and whether it is well for the nation that so much power should be given a few persons.

WHAT will the warfare of the future be like? A prediction from a man whose opinion carries unusual weight was uttered a few days ago at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. Dr. James Irvine, Principal of St. Andrews University and one of the leading chemists of Great Britain declared that any future war between any two major powers will be a gas war. It will probably be short, he thinks, and terrible in nature. Both sides will seek to cripple or destroy the enemy's leading cities by dropping gas bombs from airplanes. He might have added that such tactics will injure more civilians than soldiers. In fact, women, children, invalids and the aged are likely to figure most heavily in the casualty lists. Yet Doctor Irvine sees no hope of doing away with chemical warfare by international agreement. He reminds us that such a compact existed prior to 1914, and was broken by Germany as soon as she felt that necessity compelled her. The same thing would happen again in any future war as soon as either party believed it desirable; and next time, the decision is likely to accompany or even to precede the declaration of war. Doctor Irvine observes that as long as chemistry continues to play the leading rôle, real disarmament is utterly impossible. Plants employed in the manufacture of harmless, legitimate dyestuffs could be converted almost overnight to produce deadly war material. Locked in a laboratory cupboard in any of a dozen countries, beyond the prying eyes of any official inspection committee, may be secrets of terrible new destructive devices which will insure victory to the power possessing them. The hope of averting calamity lies not in agreements to abolish gas but in agreements to substitute peaceable negotiation for war itself. That may seem a faint hope; but it is our only one.

TWO young men in New York City were last week sentenced to prison for stealing $51. One of them was given a life term and the other thirty-five years. Meanwhile we note with interest that the government's case against the participants in the oil lease scandals of the Harding days has not yet come to trial. The Walsh law, passed by Congress for the purpose of expediting the action, is itself to be tested in the courts, which may postpone the trial several years more. There must be a moral concealed somewhere in these two items of news. Can any bright boy or girl in the audience tell us what it is?

AUTOMOBILE production in July, according to the fairly complete statistics of the Department of Commerce, comprised 38,206 fewer passenger cars and trucks than in June. There is normally a reduction of output at this time of year to allow for changing to new models. But the July product was 33,563 fewer than the same month a year ago. This may possibly be accounted for by an earlier shift to new models than last year. If so, the August or September figures should show an increase over 1925. But if they fail to do so, it will be evident that a real slump in automobile production has begun. That this is likely to happen is conceded by all who have looked into the overstocking of dealers, especially with used cars, and the probable approach of a saturated market. And if any considerable decline in automobile production should accompany the falling away of building and of exports, the outlook for continued prosperity will not be very bright, especially in view of the poor prospects for farmers' incomes from wheat and cotton.

LABOR banks still grow both in numbers and resources. According to a compilation issued by the Research Department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, the thirty-six labor banks in the country have a capital of $9,366,600, surplus and profits of $3,799,422, total deposits of $108,584,597, and total resources of $126,849,318. This is a sizeable amount, though of course it is a mere trifle if one compares it with the resources of the non-labor banks. We note also that while eight new banks were established in 1923, and nine each in 1924 and 1925, only one addition to the list was made in the first half of 1926. Is the labor banking movement reaching its limits? Of

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course, like everything else labor does, it must rest ultimately on the base of all activity—the organized union membership. There are signs that labor is concentrating more and more on the difficult problem of extending its organization, which is likely to be its main job in the United States for at least the next decade. Labor banks, insurance companies and other accessories will in the long run be unimportant unless the labor movement itself becomes far more pervasive and powerful than it is.

IN view of the efforts of the English churchmen to discover a basis of negotiation for ending the coal strike, it is interesting to learn from Paul McKenna of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain that the Church of England is the largest collector of royalties from the mines. The annual royalties paid to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners total $1,850,000, the next largest recipients being the Marquis of Bute with $593,960, the Duke of Hamilton, $568,965, Lord Tredigan $419,935 and the Duke of Northumberland $412,250. It has been repeatedly pointed out that the owners and the operators of the mines are usually not the same, and that the underlying charge, paid to the former, is the one important reason why the mines cannot be operated for the benefit of the entire community and at the same time pay a living wage to the workers. In the excitement of the War, an Anglican priest made the proposal that the Church of England should renounce its temporalities, and follow Jesus into poverty. If the Bishops are sincerely desirous of saving the miners from starvation and of contributing to the economic efficiency of the whole country they can take this opportunity of moving the renunciation of royalties and the surrender of the coal to the national exigencies. They would furnish precedent and a stimulus to public opinion which other owners would find it hard to resist.

THE meeting of the sixth International Peace Congress at Bienville, France, was notable for a display of good feeling among the European delegates, even the French and the German showing themselves in rather effusive harmony. At the same time a note of discord was sounded by K. M. Panikkar, a Hindu delegate, who pointed out that academic discussions of the causes of war in Europe were merely trivial while war is actually going on in Syria, in North Africa and in China. He denounced as "criminal hypocrisy" the attitude of the League of Nations in considering peace purely a European matter while Asia remains "the pawn of the greed and ambitions of the nations composing the League." The failure of the League to protest against the sale of arms to the opposing factions of China was offered as one instance of this hypocrisy, and its failure to protect its mandate of Syria against the French as another. Pacifists may indeed well consider whether the cause they represent is not discredited by their failure to protest on every occasion against the disgraceful attitude and actions of the French in Syria.

THE textile industry is the chief sore spot on the general body of prosperity. Two remedies are urged—a higher tariff and lower wages. The industry undoubtedly suffers from foreign competition, but the chief reason why it is in bad shape to meet this competition is its bloated condition as the result of extravagant war profiteering. Take the case of New Bedford's mills, as set forth by the Wall Street Journal. New Bedford is the second city of the country in number of spindles, and the first in value of cotton products. In 1914, its thirty mills paid dividends to the amount of $1,878,519. The mills shared in the wartime orgy of overproduction. Plants were enlarged at the same time that superfluous goods were piled up in government storehouses. In 1920, the mills paid dividends of $13,337,367, or 610 percent of which a large part was in the form of securities issued against an increase of plant and capital beyond the needs of the country. Even so in 1924 the mills paid dividends amounting to $3,765,710, twice the figure for 1914, with no large increase of investment on the part of the owners. As to the second remedy, wages which averaged $1316 in 1919 fell to 1043 in 1924, and increasing pressure on the workers to accept wage cuts is steadily forcing them lower. The question must occur, even to convinced defenders of the present system, whether, when capital suffers from its own foolish behavior the workers should be expected to subordinate their claims to livelihood to the claim of their masters to profit.

THESE are hard times for artists. The march of mechanical invention is so rapid that before they know it, new media for circulating their work come into being and they need to fight strenuously to prevent the wholesale pirating of what they have produced, under conditions which the lawmakers could not posibly foresee. Authors of books have been through such a battle with motion picture producers. Composers of music only the other day got relief from the unfair situation where they were forced almost to give away their work to the manufacturers of automatic piano rolls and phonograph records. No sooner had they won this battle than they found themselves with another on their hands, against the radio broadcasters, who were highly indignant at the notion that they should pay the composer of a song which they performed simultaneously in ten thousand—or a million—homes. The newest problem of the composers comes with the invention of devices for reproducing music or speech simultaneously with the projection of a motion picture. Such a device is new in successful operation, and bids fair to throw out of employment three-quarters of all the musicians who now produce dulcet sounds to accompany the flickering celluloid. The composer

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sees himself also in danger unless he can get legal recognition of his rights as creator of the music thus canned.

The Unpractical Business Man

FOR months the Passaic mill managers, and other organizations inspired by them, have been denouncing the textile strikers because of their Communist leadership. Yet no sooner had the Communist leaders withdrawn from their duties and the strikers voted to affiliate with the conservative United Textile Workers of America, than the managers made it plain that they would not deal with them either through the regular union or any "outside" committee. One erects the claim that while his own employes have a right to organization and representation, the strikers are no longer employes. Another points to his company union as the proper vehicle of conference. Thus it is made clear that the real opposition of the employers is not to a radical brand of leadership, but to bona fide unionism. Of course it was absurd to suppose—if any informed person did so—that the Passaic employers really feared a proletarian revolution.

Not because this attitude is exceptional, but because it is customary in great stretches of American industry, and particularly in large corporate industry, it is worth examination. What is the genuine reason for the obduracy of management toward any organization of workers which can exert economic pressure, which can speak not simply through hand-picked or dependent employes, but through independent officials or experts?

One may, of course, invoke the simplest of explanations. The capitalist is out for profit; what he gains the worker loses. If employes unite and win larger wages and shorter hours, profits will be reduced. Therefore it is part of the capitalist agenda to fight organized labor. But there are reasons for thinking that on the whole this explanation is too simple. For one thing, it often costs fully as much for employers to engage in a continual struggle with labor as to make terms with it. The experience of Passaic is not one which should encourage the hope that a policy of suppression will avoid labor trouble and swell profits. The Passaic workers have never succeeded in establishing a permanent and recognized union. The managements have had almost unqualified success in keeping their corner of the industry unorganized. Labor leaders certainly do not rule in Passaic. Yet strike after strike has interrupted production there for long periods. Their non-union policy has cost the corporations not merely the periodic losses of disorganized forces and disrupted production, but the regular expenses, unknown to the public but often incredibly large, for the services rendered by a spy organization and union-smashing experts. On the other hand, the Passaic managers could look out over the textile industry and see portions of it where unions are recognized, but which in spite of that fact are not only peaceful as a rule, but prosperous. They could infer from the experience of other industries where unions thrive that such concessions as are customarily made to organized labor do not involve financial disaster. Indeed, at least one of the Passaic employers contends that he pays higher wages than the average for the industry. Non-union employers often not only pay comparatively high wages, but maintain short working hours and spend liberally for "welfare work." It can hardly be an unprejudiced devotion to the largest possible profit which drives employers like this to oppose such a hostile front to unionization.

A striking fact which should not be overlooked is that many of the industries in which the unions have established themselves are still under the direct management of individual owners, who would suffer immediate money losses as a result of any encroachments by labor on their profits, while many of the industries where labor is most stubbornly opposed are directed by salaried executives who have little or nothing of personal loss to fear by concessions to employes. This is the case in Passaic. Of course such executives may be constrained, against their better judgment or their convenience, by absentee owners who have a dogmatic hostility to unionism. But there are enough cases of the opposite sort to give us pause. Absent stockholders, as has been abundantly admitted in recent discussion, often have little to say about managerial policy. Even dominant minority interests may be, and sometimes are, in favor of a more conciliatory attitude toward labor than is the responsible executive. Again and again cases are discovered where the real obstacle to recognition appears to be in subordinate management rather than in ownership. Doubtless the superior financial resources of the large corporations, which enable them to withstand longer sieges than the small personal business, play a part in their comparatively stronger resistance to labor organization. Doubtless also it is more difficult for labor to organize semi-skilled operatives on easily learned processes than more highly skilled craftsmen; insofar as large-scale industry is characterized by the former and owner-managed industry by the latter, labor has a more difficult task in the "impersonal corporation." Yet a large investment in plant and a heavy capital obligation may render an industry more rather than less vulnerable to strike-bound idleness, while—at least in Passaic—there has been little more difficulty in organizing the workers and keeping strike-breakers away from the factories than there would be in, say, the printing, building or clothing industries which are passably well organized.

In our humble opinion, the chief difficulty of organized labor comes not from the fact that modern American business executives are hard-boiled, prac-

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tical men, scientific profit-producing machines, but from the fact that they are unpractical idealists, with an absolutist philosophy, a hard-and-fast set of standards and an unexampled willingness to undergo temporary loss and inconvenience for what they conceive to be righteousness. Much more than the usual workingman they believe in the class war when it comes to a question of dealing with unions, and in the struggle with labor they adopt all the fine phrases and the shady subterfuges, the unexamined myths and the herd pressure, the dominant heroism and the flinty persistence which usually accompany warfare. Talk to many an executive about unions and you will uncover a far more distorted mental picture than if you talk to a revolutionary about financiers. All union leaders are self-seeking grafters, bent on making as much trouble as possible for the purpose of shaking down the employer. All union members are, in contradistinction to the to the unspoiled and upright non-unionist, bent on doing as little work as possible and restricting production in every direction. To resist the "closed shop"—which is synonymous with any union agreement—is to protect the free American workingman in his right to work, while to prevent "union domination" is to protect the public against interference with efficiency and against high prices due to exorbitant wages. Many less intelligent executives accept this complex of notions uncritically—it is not by any means conscious buncombe. Many of the more intelligent, while they do not indulge in the cruder misconceptions, still believe they have a sort of divine mission to uphold the economic bill of rights in the labor market—a fine competitive individualism. They conceive themselves as bulwarks of a type of laissez-faire in which they somehow believe although the briefest candid observation would convince them that it no longer obtains, if it ever did obtain, in the world of business.

Granted such a dominant point of view among industrial executives, it becomes explicable why the salaried manager should be more obdurate than the owner-employer. The man who has something to lose, who thinks immediately of more or less in his own pocket, may be more ready to give practical consideration to the immediate effect of his labor policy; he may be more ready to make concessions. But the hired trustee of industry, with no right to play with other people's money and a heightened sense of responsibility, becomes more rigid; to take the place of the immediate impulse of profit and loss he must find a code of action, an industrial creed which may be substituted in the complexity of a large undertaking for the more flexible decisions possible in a smaller business. He cannot distinguish so easily the effects of particular choices, he lives by a set of principles more than by an active and discriminating intelligence. He is, furthermore, particularly sensitive in opposition to what he regards as encroachments on the prerogatives and dignity of the executive class.

To combat this sort of thing demands, of course, the sturdiest kind of struggle on the part of organized labor. But it also demands a long social process which will alter the mores of the industrial executive. As he becomes less a creature of prejudice and rule-of-thumb, and more a devotee of open-minded experiment, the path of the unions ought to be easier. As a tested technique is developed in the study of the science of management, and as that technique is made known through engineering societies and schools of business administration, a different attitude of mind may follow in the responsible executive—one less a prey to superstitions and fantasies, one more ready to substitute practical considerations and examination of facts for routine preconceptions. And as a new economic and social synthesis permeates the national consciousness—one which substitutes the conception of function in an industrial organism for that of competitive individualism, the philosophic basis of dogmatic anti-unionism will tend to vanish.

Stuart Pratt Sherman

STUART PRATT SHERMAN, whose death by drowning in Lake Michigan occurred on August 21, certainly had won a place of distinction in American criticism. Born in Iowa, he took his undergraduate course at Williams College, where perhaps his Middle Western birth made him more enthusiastically susceptible to the humane literary tradition of New England. At Harvard whither he went for graduate work he reacted violently against the scientific attitude in literary studies, to which the vigorous personality of Professor Kittredge gave perhaps a too pronounced domination. He returned to the Middle West and after a brief period at Northwestern University he went to the University of Illinois, where as head of the English department he become one of the chief factors in the development of that institution. Although a genuine scholar, however, he was not primarily academic in character or interest. He stood at the parting of the ways in 1914 when he was offered the editorship of the New York Nation. It was a loss to American journalism and to Sherman's personal development that he did not accept it. It was with immense and genuine relief that two years ago he exchanged the professorial chair for the literary editorship of the New York Herald-Tribune.

As a critic of American life and letters Sherman early ranged himself on the right, with George Edward Woodberry, Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt. The chief preoccupation of this school was the preservation of æsthetic principles and standards, the protection of literature from ignorant practitioners and the preservation of the best in the American tradition, moral and social, which

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was largely derived from Puritanism. Sherman was always, however, an outrider of this phalanx. In his defense of the American past, he constantly emphasized the democratic as opposed to the aristocratic tendencies. In Americans, published in 1922, his studies of Franklin and Whitman are among his best: and he did not fail to animadvert severely upon the spectacle of Roosevelt complacently preaching the doctrine of the beneficence of war at Berlin. At the same time his sense of what is right in art and morals led him to indignant rejection of Carl Sandburg and Theodore Dreiser, and his repeated clashes with H. L. Mencken were for some years the chief attraction of the critical prize ring. There was nothing, however, of the stiffness of dogmatism about Sherman: he defended his position always with lightness and humor. Even before leaving Illinois he showed a marked relenting toward the experimental, journalistic writing of the day. Early Middle Western experience made him recognize the power of Sinclair Lewis, but his praise of Sherwood Anderson is positive evidence of the new orientation which came to him with his sense of responsibility to the future as editor of an important literary journal. Even Mr. Mencken became the beneficiary of this new tolerance. As a mediator between conservative and radical, Stuart Sherman was thus in a way to become a more important influence on American criticism than before, and his untimely death is more than ever to be regretted as a loss to his contemporaries and the future.

Modernism in Confusion

THE Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick is not the sort of man whom anyone would think of charging with timidity or cowardice. In his recent struggle with the fundamentalist elders of the Presbyterian Church he maintained his position without compromise or truckling. By profession he is a Baptist. But by the force of his personal leadership he has made himself the prophet of Modernism in all the Protestant churches of America and with the coöperation of its strongest laymen he has made the Park Avenue Baptist Church the rallying point for the most advanced of all denominations. This is a real achievement.

Nevertheless, like all achievements in the field of practical leadership, it is a result of force of personality rather than of intellect. Doctor Fosdick is the acknowledged leader but not the originator or even in any real sense the intellectual guide of Modernism. He is great among churchmen, but not by any means equally great among theologians. His writings, therefore, are most interesting because in them we can see most clearly what are the various features—and particularly the various difficulties—of the Modernist position. This is conspicuously true, for example, of the series of articles he has for some months contributed to Harper's Magazine. In the works of an intellectual genius imagination is likely to triumph over obstacles so that it is hard sometimes even to know what the difficulties were with which the writer has so ably coped. This is not true of more practical-minded men, in whose work the sense of difficulties to be encountered may even be exaggerated by the resolution with which the leader is prepared to face them. Such is the tone of Doctor Fosdick's articles. From first to last his writings constitute an extraordinary exhibit of the confusions with which Modernism is beset. Nowhere has the intellectual difficulty of the Modernist theology been more clearly indicated.

From his first article in this series to his last one what has bothered Doctor Fosdick chiefly is the weakening in modern life not merely of our beliefs —obviously the Modernists themselves stand for a dilution of belief—but rather of our sense of the importance of belief of any kind. Is a belief in God unnecessary for a citizen in the modern world? This was the question with which he opened; and in his contribution to the August issue he returns to it in its most poignant form. Does science make belief superfluous? His answer, delivered with all the force of a powerful personality, is a dogged negative. But it is such a negative as leaves the question rather than its answer singing in our heads.

Consider the words with which Doctor Fosdick in a recent instalment administers the coup de grâce to scepticism.

> If a man cannot honestly believe in God let him honestly say so, but let him not try to fool himself and us by the supposition that he is giving up a superfluity. Never in man's history has faith in God been more necessary to sane, wholesome, vigorous and hopeful living than today amid the dissipating strain and paralyzing scepticism of modern life.

As an exorcism of unbelief these sentences are quite remarkable. They seem to say, "A man may disbelieve in God. But if he is honest he should first admit that a belief in God is a most important and necessary thing with which, nevertheless, he has decided to dispense." Such a sceptic would be an extraordinary creature!

This worry of the Modernist because "God is becoming progressively less essential" is not an idle one. It illustrates the principal confusion in his counsel, a confusion from which, interestingly enough, Fundamentalism is exempt. The Modernist has got to make peace, real peace, with the modern world. The Fundamentalist has not. He need only compromise. For him there is no necessity to reconcile science and religion. From outer darkness science came, and to outer darkness it can return for all of him. Except on the material plane its very existence need never be admitted. And if the Fundamentalist does not scruple to employ its material effects when he wishes to keep his lecturing appointments and when his wife is ill, that is

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only the practical compromise which no prophet in any age has ever failed to make—rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and pulling his sheep out of a pitfall even on the Sabbath day.

Not so the Modernist! Having accepted science and "modern enlightenment," and having rejected dogma and authority in matters of conscience and belief, it is distinctly up to him to show precisely what vestiges of Christianity can be maintained and combined with the culture and intellectual independence of the modern world. This, certainly, is no easy task. If we deny the very existence of science, its history need not trouble us. But if we admit it to be heard at all, we can hardly then refuse to see its steady, progressive development. This capacity of science for indefinite development is our very present source of trouble. We may deny that science is now able to explain the cosmos. But we cannot deny that it never on any front met with a serious reverse, that it holds more ground now than ever before, and that the rapidity of its advance is steadily accelerating.

There are, apparently, two ways in which this situation can be faced. One consists in accepting it with all its implications of the indefinite progress and ultimate universality of science, but in limiting the scientific victory to the intellectual field. This is the way of the theologian. An intellectual leader like Professor Kirsopp Lake finds it quite impossible to deceive himself about science. The cogency of scientific demonstrations is beyond denial—by the forces of the intellect. Therefore he proposes to accept science fully, on the intellectual plane. But, he points out, there still remains the spiritual plane, the plane of human hopes and aspirations, the plane of spiritual counsel and divine consolation. This is the plane upon which religion is a necessity—not to the intellect but to the heart. This is the plane upon which the church must be built. The Christian Church has been one of the most potent forces in our civilization, he believes. But not even the Christian Church can deny the intellectual self-sufficiency of science. Intellectually, God has already become quite unessential. Let us therefore admit that fact, and let us build the church not on intellectual dogmas but upon the needs of the human heart, upon the spiritual requirements of civilization. Let us focus our religion not upon belief, which is always Fundamentalist, but upon consolation, which may be Modern wherever civilization goes. This is the doctrine of "institutionalism."

Strangely enough, it is the intellectual who thus places not theories but a church at the centre of religion; while it is the practical leader, the ecclestiastical statesman, who points in the other direction. The reason for this is simple. It is the intellectual who sees the intellectual weakness of Modernism, and points the other way; while the weakness of Modernism as a working platform for church leadership is most evident to the active leader, who therefore insists upon a theology as the basis for church leadership. Doctor Fosdick is the leader of a church. But what he insists on is belief. We must believe in Christ—not in a vague humanitarian aspiration but in a prophetic, an inspired, in some sense a divine exponent of our creed. We must believe in God, not merely in godliness. What he seems to realize is that we cannot hold an institution, a church, as the rallying point of men who have nothing to rally to but a necessity of rallying. As a practical politician—we use the word in its best sense of a man who would get things done—he sees that churches can exist only to consecrate belief. This is why it is so necessary that we should believe. If we do, the church will take care of itself; if we do not—it is futile to expect consolation, let alone absolution, from an altar that is empty. The church can stand only on the Rock of Ages, "God as the Goal of all our living." But—and this is the Modernist's supreme confusion—such an appeal rings in again the intellectual problem: In a world which has accepted science as guide and mentor of the understanding, what can we understand of God? Doctor Fosdick may be right in insisting that it must be something, but that only makes more vivid his impotence to tell us what.

Such is the confusion of Modernism. What the solution of the problem is, or whether indeed there is any solution in the Modernist direction, we do not pretend to know. But that Modernism as such is no solution seems to us self-evident. The problem of the modern world is the conflict throughout our civilization of science with tradition, the conflict as we may call it of mechanical progress with social lethargy. Fundamentalism is one solution of this conflict—the traditional one. If social inertia overcomes mechanical progress, the problem is solved. Many of us, being enamored of progress, resist this settlement. We turn to Modernism as an alternative, and quite justifiably. But it is therefore all the more necessary that we who would resist stagnation should understand most clearly that in Modernism we have found not a solution but a dogged facing of the problem. In Modernism we stand upon an ancient battle-ground with the fight still raging hotly all around us.

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The Shooting Parson of Texas

I HAD not been in Fort Worth a full day before I found myself sitting on a rear seat in the great open-air tabernacle of the First Baptist Church. Though I was an hour early every seat was taken, the aisles were crowded and all around the outside people stood six deep. Forty rows separated me from the raised platform upon which was the pulpit and behind which were arranged the several hundred members of the choir.

As I scanned the rows of benches I was struck with the number of middle-aged persons and especially the preponderance of elderly women. But the most significant fact was the size of the crowd. Ten thousand would be a safe estimate of the number present. Fort Worth with no more than 100,000 whites had sent this great concourse of people to hear Dr. J. Frank Norris, evangelist, reformer, fundamentalist, and pastor of the local First Baptist Church, discourse on "The Menace of Roman Catholicism." Only a week before Norris had shot and killed the wealthy lumberman, D. E. Chipps. Until but a week before he had been an obscure provincial celebrity, but now he was rivaling even Aimee McPherson as a headliner.

I turned to a matronly woman beside me.

"Can we hear him at this great distance?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she smiled reassuringly. "Well, maybe you can't at first, but when he gets warmed up; then you never miss a word." She looked at me quizzically. "You never heard our pastor before?"

I regretted that I had not, but I was interested.

"He ain't been the same since *that* happened," she volunteered. "He used to be so wonderful when he got warmed up. Next day he cried at the altar and we all cried with him. It was terrible."

Suddenly the hum and buzz of conversation stopped short, paper fans ceased rustling and a painful hush fell over the audience.

"Here he comes now." The elderly woman nudged me gently, pointing to a tall, thin man who had just pushed through the outer circle and was making his way toward the platform. He walked erect and solemn as in deep thought, apparently oblivious of the crowd. From the distance he appeared boyish, ascetic with a sensitive, dreamy face, such a face as might appeal to women. But for a bit of gray at the temples there were no traces of approaching age. A well-tailored, snug-fitting dark suit accentuated his slimness. His manner was soft and gentle. There was nothing in his appearance that suggested the killer. I got the feeling that here was a man who would shudder at the touch of blue steel.

When he took the first step to mount the platform applause broke long and fervid. The effect on the pastor was electrical. He dropped the sombre mask for a beaming smile and acknowledged with gracious mien the plaudits of the congregation. Again they applauded, again he bowed and took his seat. The choir broke forth in song, after which the pastor rose to pray.

The prayer was delivered in a soft, mellow parlor voice. He besought strength to carry on the fight against the powers of darkness that conspired to destroy the world. The congregation mumbled incoherent approval and when he finished there rose a voluble chorus of amens. Then followed the collection with a plea for liberal contributions. After some more singing Doctor Norris announced the text of the evening. It was a two-word text, "Jesus only."

He began mildly and feebly. At first his words seemed to be sopped up by the first few rows, but the rear of the audience was patient. From an occasional word or phrase that reached me I gathered that he was warning against the menace and fallacies of modern thought and the corrupting influences of the philosophies of men. I felt that he was at the beginning a little ill-at-ease, treading uncertain ground, and yet impatient to be on his way.

But the hesitancy was only the matter of a few moments. Little by little he seemed to establish rapport with his audience. The circle of intimacy and support began with the first few rows and gradually expanded. By degrees his voice increased in range and volume until at times he fairly shouted. At first he had stood still behind the pulpit, now and then leaning hesitatingly against it, but now as he "warmed up" he began to sway and then to shift to and fro. Finally he was pacing frantically back and forth across the platform.

His movements were jerky and impetuous. His arms at high points waved like flails. He would yank out his handkerchief, fitfully mop his face with it and thrust it first in one pocket and then in another. Once for emphasis and to drive home the "Jesus only" he seized the Bible and pounded it with the palm of his hand. Early in the discourse a noise in the choir nettled him. He turned quickly, snapped his fingers angrily at the offending corner, and resumed. Throughout, the audience was tensely attentive. Sometimes the elderly woman at my side would poke me in the ribs and ask in a hoarse whisper if I got that point.

"Jesus only" was the passkey to his Pandora's box of fear. It led to a scathing and swift indictment of the "most colossal system of false teaching that has ever been known," Roman Catholicism. His indictment was prefaced with the double assurance that this was an "educational message" and that the charges did not necessarily involve indi-

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vidual Catholics, many of whom, he admitted, are worthy folks and "have got sense." He knows because he has baptized some and, glory to God, hopes to baptize many more. (Hallelujahs and applause from the audience.)

He plunged into lurid description of mediæval massacre, dragging out of the pages of Catholic history one blood-curdling scene after another. He visioned the possibility of these scenes being re-enacted in our own fair land, should Catholics get into power. It would mean the sweeping away of democracy as in Italy under the reign of Mussolini and the Fascisti. Protestantism would be destroyed. That achieved only one more move would remain, to bring the Vatican to Washington. Already, he declared, the way is being paved by the establishment of Fascisti following in the United States. Fascismo is entering into covenant with its Siamese twin, the Knights of Columbus. He warned Protestant America against the plot afoot to put the Catholic "Al" Smith in the White House.

"I say the conflict is on and we will accept it. It is a challenge: 'Therefore, rejoice ye heavens and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for the devil is come down unto you.' "

The predominant sentiment throughout the service was fear. Fear for the safety of Protestantism, fear of anything that might invade to change in any way "the good old religion." Norris himself seemed phobia-ridden. He appears almost a monomaniac, egged on and buoyed up in his fears by the hurrahs of his flock. After the fashion of the middle ages he has led them from one fear feast to another until there has been created between the pastor and his flock a pathological relationship.

Since his dramatic entry to the ministry some fourteen years ago he has headed this congregation. He found it apathetic, inert and spiritually bankrupt. Today his following exceeds 8,000 persons and the range of his influence through his weekly paper, The Searchlight, and his private radio broadcasting station is statewide. His congregation grew on a diet of hell-fire religion, of hate for sinners in the concrete rather than sin in the abstract. He drew them around him by attacking sinners in high places, by periodically unearthing scandal or by making occasional startling exposures. By these witch-burning orgies he has been able to hold their interest and loyalty.

Seldom has the loyalty of a congregation been more severely tested. When Norris was indicted for burning his church, when he was suspected of burning his parsonage and when he asked for $1,000,000 to erect their present house of worship they stood by him. They stood by him when he waged war on Prof. S. G. Dow and President S. P. Brooks of the Baptist college, Baylor University, on the charge that they believed "man once had a tail but wore it off by squatting down." They stood by him when he "pulled the beam out of the Methodists' eye" by driving Prof. John Rice from the Southern Methodist University for teaching the Bible in the light of modern thought. Now the congregation is once more being put to the acid test and again he will not be disappointed.

Norris, naturally, has made a great many personal enemies. Whenever he has met opposition he has cried persecution and his congregation has echoed the cry. No doubt the loyalty of a believing audience has fired the ambition of the man, inspired him with visions of power and influence in the fundamentalist world, supplementing his delusions of persecution with those of grandeur. To hold his following he became a stunt performer, a display artist, a clown in his own circus. His rôle corresponded to that of a cheer leader in a football game. It has been a rôle of passion, played most satisfactorily under great emotional stress. He has to get "warmed up." In Texas, especially among his colleagues in the black broadcloth, there was little surprise at the shooting episode. Because he is such an individualist Texas Baptists have long been suspicious of him and fearful of what might happen; in their latest convention they refused to seat his delegation.

Prior to the shooting Norris had accused the mayor of Fort Worth of being partial to Catholics. It was an ordinary Norris attack and was prompted by the regular Norris fear of Catholic plots. The Catholic manager of the mayor's department store had discharged, it was said, two young women who were members of the Norris congregation. After the sermon, D. E. Chipps, a friend of the mayor, went to settle with Norris. Whether he went to tweak the pastor's nose or to kill is not known, but it is current that he was drunk. Norris, in mortal fear, shot him and not until afterward did it develop that Chipps was not armed.

Some wonder has been expressed that a pastor should have a gun in his study. It would be more significant, I think, to ask: By what combination of character, thought and experience is a minister of the Gospel brought to such a state of mind that on impulse he can take the life of a human being? How are we to explain a man who weeps in contrition for a few hours and the next day preaches a sermon in self-justification, saying, "All things work together for good to them that love God?"

Before the first week had passed Norris had so regained his composure that he was insisting publicly that he be indicted. The Grand Jury obligingly indicted him for murder and his trial has been set for September 13. Already the big parade is on. Already the killing has become only a minor incident. He and his flock are crying for "an open trial to bring out all the facts." To bring out the facts about the killing? No, indeed; to bring out the facts about alleged plots and conspiracies to destroy the Church and to undermine "the good old religion."

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The trial will be a grand opportunity for the Norris forces to rattle all the familiar skeletons. A warning must be thundered into the public ear. Protestantism must not be caught napping. "God grant," Norris proclaimed in his anti-Catholic sermon, "that the American people may be aroused." Plans are being laid for a great revival to preface the trial. A contract has been signed with one of the largest subscription agencies in America to promote a world-wide distribution of The Searchlight. A week after the shooting the circulation had jumped from 60,000 to 65,000. It must go, says Norris, to 1,000,000.

Chipps will be forgotten in the trial. Verily, Chipps is already forgotten. The whirlwind has grown to a tornado. Even Norris is now only an incident in the storm. The big thing is the CAUSE and the plots against the cause, and he figures only as the symbol of something else. He has been aptly called the "vacuum in the cyclone." It will be another Dayton conflict, except that the outcome is not so certain to be a victory for the fundamentalists. Their hero is unpopular in some circles.

With Norris it is the cause and not his life that is in jeopardy. His sermons ring with that sentiment. He tells his flock that it is their fight. Less than two weeks after the fatal shooting he announced that it would take considerable money for the defence. "I hope that several will put down $1,000 as their contribution." Then out of the generousness of his heart he added, "I am glad to make a contribution of $1,000 myself."

NELS ANDERSON.

The End of Laissez-Faire--II*

I

ECONOMISTS, like other scientists, have chosen the hypothesis from which they set out and which they offer to beginners, because it is the simplest, and not because it is the nearest to the facts. They have begun by assuming a state of affairs where the ideal distribution of productive resources can be brought about through individuals acting independently by the method of trial and error in such a way that those individuals who move in the right direction will destroy by competition those who move in the wrong direction. This implies that there must be no mercy or protection for those who embark their capital or their labor in the wrong direction. It is a method of bringing the most successful profit-makers to the top by a ruthless struggle for survival, which selects the most efficient by the bankruptcy of the less efficient. It does not count the cost of the struggle, but looks only to the benefits of the final result which are assumed to be permanent. The object of life being to crop the leaves off the branches up to the greatest possible height, the likeliest way of achieving this end is to leave the giraffes with the longest necks to starve out those whose necks are shorter.

If only we leave the giraffes to themselves, (1) the maximum quantity of leaves will be cropped because the giraffes with the longest necks will, by dint of starving out the others, get nearest to the trees; (2) each giraffe will make for the leaves which he finds most succulent amongst those in reach; and (3) the giraffes whose relish for a given leaf is greatest will crane most to reach it. In this way more and juicier leaves will be swallowed, and each individual leaf will reach the throat which thinks it deserves most effort.

This assumption, however, of conditions where unhindered natural selection leads to progress, is only one of the two provisional assumptions which taken as literal truth have become the twin buttresses of laissez-faire. The other one is the efficacy, and indeed, the necessity, of the opportunity for unlimited private money-making as an *incentive* to maximum effort. Profit accrues, under laissez-faire, to the individual who, whether by skill or good fortune, is found with his productive resources in the right place at the right time. A system which allows the skilful or fortunate individual to reap the whole fruits of this conjuncture evidently offers an immense incentive to the practice of the art of being in the right place at the right time. Thus one of the most powerful of human motives, namely, the love of money, is harnessed to the task of distributing economic resources in the way best calculated to increase wealth.

The parallelism between economic laissez-faire and Darwinianism, already briefly noted, is now seen, as Herbert Spencer was foremost to recognize, to be very close indeed. Just as Darwin invoked sexual love, acting through sexual selection, as an adjutant to natural selection by competition, to direct evolution along lines which should be desirable as well as effective, so the individualist invokes the love of money, acting through the pursuit of profit, as an adjutant to natural selection, to bring about the production on the greatest possible scale of what is most strongly desired as measured by exchange value.

The beauty and the simplicity of such a theory are so great that it is easy to forget that it follows not from the actual facts, but from an incomplete hypothesis introduced for the sake of simplicity. The conclusion that individuals acting independ-

*This is the second of two articles, of which the first appeared last week.

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ently for their own advantage will produce the greatest aggregate of wealth, depends on a variety of unreal assumptions to the effect that the processes of production and consumption are in no way organic, that there exists a sufficient foreknowledge of conditions and requirements, and that there are adequate opportunities of obtaining the foreknowledge.

There are also other considerations which rightly bring into the calculation the cost and character of the competitive struggle itself, and the tendency for wealth to be distributed where it is not appreciated most. If we have the welfare of the giraffes at heart, we must not overlook the sufferings of the shorter necks who are starved out, or the sweet leaves which fall to the ground and are trampled underfoot in the struggle, or the overfeeding of the long-necked ones, or the evil look of anxiety or struggling greediness which overcasts the mild faces of the herd.

The principles of laissez-faire have had other allies besides economic textbooks. They have been thus forced by the poor quality of the opponent proposals—protectionism on one hand, and Marxian socialism on the other. Yet these doctrines are both characterized, not only or chiefly by their infringing the presumption in favor of laissez-faire, but by mere logical fallacy. Both are examples of poor thinking, of inability to analyze a process and follow it out to its conclusion. The arguments against them, though reinforced by the principle of laissez-faire, do not strictly require it. Of the two, protectionism is at least plausible, and the forces making for its popularity are nothing to wonder at. But Marxian socialism must always remain a portent to the historians of opinion—how a doctrine so illogical and so dull can have exercised so powerful and enduring an influence over the minds of men, and, through them, the events of history. At any rate, the obvious scientific deficiencies of these two schools greatly contributed to the prestige and authority of nineteenth century laissez-faire.

Nor has the most notable divergence into centralized social action on a great scale—the conduct of the late War—encouraged reformers or dispelled old-fashioned prejudices. There is much to be said on both sides. War experience in the organization of socialized production has left some observers anxious to repeat it in peace conditions. War socialism unquestionably achieved a production of wealth on a scale far greater than we ever knew in peace. Nevertheless the dissipation of effort was also prodigious, and the atmosphere of waste and not counting the cost was disgusting to any thrifty or provident spirit.

Finally, individualism and laissez-faire could not, in spite of their deep roots in the political and moral philosophies of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, have secured their lasting hold over the conduct of public affairs, if it had not been for their conformity with the needs and wishes of the business world of the day. They gave full scope to our erstwhile heroes, the great business men. "At least one-half of the best ability in the western world," Marshall used to say, "is engaged in business." A great part of "the higher imagination" of the age was thus employed. It was on the activities of these men that our hopes of progress were centred. "Men of this class," Marshall wrote, "live in constantly shifting visions, fashioned in their own brains, of various routes to their desired end; of the difficulties which nature will oppose to them on each route, and of the contrivances by which they hope to get the better of her opposition. This imagination gains little credit with the people, because it is not allowed to run riot; its strength is disciplined by a stronger will; and its highest glory is to have attained great ends by means so simple that no one will know, and none but experts will even guess, how a dozen other expedients, each suggesting as much brilliancy to the hasty observer, were set aside in favor of it. The imagination of such a man is employed, like that of the master chess player, in forecasting the obstacles which may be opposed to the successful issue of his far-reaching projects, and constantly rejecting brilliant suggestions because he has pictured to himself the counter-strokes to them. His strong nervous force is at the opposite extreme of human nature from that nervous irresponsibility which conceives hasty utopian schemes, and which is rather to be compared to the bold facility of a weak player, who will speedily solve the most difficult chess problem by taking on himself to move the black men as well as the white."

This is a fine picture of the great captain of industry, the master-individualist, who serves us in serving himself, just as any other artist does. Yet this one, in his turn, is becoming a tarnished idol. We grow more doubtful whether it is he who will lead us into paradise by the hand.

These many elements have contributed to the current intellectual bias, the mental make-up, the orthodoxy of the day. The compelling force of many of the original reasons has disappeared, but, as usual, the vitality of the conclusions outlasts them. To suggest social action for the public good to the City of London is like discussing the Origin of Species with a bishop sixty years ago. The first reaction is not intellectual, but moral. An orthodoxy is in question, and the more persuasive the arguments the graver the offense. Nevertheless, venturing into the den of the lethargic monster, at any rate I have traced his claims and pedigree so as to show that he has ruled over us rather by hereditary right than by personal merit.

II

Let us clear from the ground the metaphysical or general principles upon which, from time to time,

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laissez-faire has been founded. It is *not* true that individuals possess a prescriptive "natural liberty" in their economic activities. There is *no* "compact" conferring perpetual rights on those who have or on those who acquire. The world is *not* so governed from above that private and social interest always coincide. It is *not* so managed here below that in practice they coincide. It is *not* a correct deduction from the principles of economics that enlightened self-interest always operates in the public interest. Nor is it true that self-interest generally *is* enlightened; more often individuals acting separately to promote their own ends are too ignorant or too weak to attain even these. Experience does *not* show that individuals, when they make up a social unit, are always less clear-sighted than when they act separately.

We cannot therefore settle on abstract grounds, but must handle on its merits in detail what Burke termed "one of the finest problems in legislation, namely, to determine what the state ought to take upon itself to direct by the public wisdom, and what it ought to leave, with as little interference as possible, to individual exertion." We have to discriminate between what Bentham, in his forgotten but useful nomenclature, used to term Agenda and Non-Agenda, and to do this without Bentham's prior presumption that interference is, at the same time, "generally needless" and "generally pernicious." Perhaps the chief task of economists at this hour is to distinguish afresh the Agenda of government from the Non-Agenda; and the companion task of politics is to devise forms of government within a democracy which shall be capable of accomplishing the Agenda. I will illustrate what I have in mind by two examples.

(1) I believe that in many cases the ideal size for the unit of control and organization lies somewhere between the individual and the modern state. I suggest, therefore, that progress lies in the growth and the recognition of semi-autonomous bodies within the state—bodies whose criterion of action within their own field is solely the public good as they understand it, and from whose deliberations motives of private advantage are excluded, though some place it may still be necessary to leave, until the ambit of men's altruism grows wider, to the separate advantage of particular groups, classes, or faculties—bodies which in the ordinary course of affairs are mainly autonomous within their prescribed limitations, but are subject in the last resort to the sovereignty of the democracy expressed through Parliament.

I propose a return, it may be said, towards mediæval conceptions of separate autonomies. But, in England at any rate, corporations are a mode of government which has never ceased to be important and is sympathetic to our institutions. It is easy to give examples, from what already exists, of separate autonomies which have attained or are approaching the mode I designate—the Universities, the Bank of England, the Port of London Authority, even perhaps the Railway Companies. In the United States there are doubtless similar examples.

But more interesting than these is the trend of joint stock institutions, when they have reached a certain age and size, to approximate to the status of public corporations rather than that of individualistic private enterprise. One of the most interesting and unnoticed developments of recent decades has been the tendency of big enterprise to socialize itself. A point arrives in the growth of a big institution—particularly a big railway or big public utility enterprise, but also a big bank or a big insurance company—at which the owners of the capital, i.e., the shareholders, are almost entirely dissociated from the management, with the result that the direct personal interest of the latter in the making of great profit becomes quite secondary. When this stage is reached, the general stability and reputation of the institution are more considered by the management than the maximum of profit for the shareholders. The shareholders must be satisfied by conventionally adequate dividends; but once this is secured, the direct interest of the management often consists in avoiding criticism from the public and from the customers of the concern. This is particularly the case if their great size or semi-monopolistic position renders them conspicuous in the public eye and vulnerable to public attack. The extreme instance, perhaps, of this tendency in the case of an institution, theoretically the unrestricted property of private persons, is the Bank of England. It is almost true to say that there is no class of persons in the Kingdom of whom the Governor of the Bank of England thinks less when he decides on his policy than of his shareholders. Their rights, in excess of their conventional dividends, have already sunk to the neighborhood of zero. But the same thing is partly true of many other big institutions. They are, as time goes on, socializing themselves.

Not that this is unmixed gain. The same causes promote conservatism and a waning of enterprise. In fact, we already have in these cases many of the faults as well as the advantages of state socialism. Nevertheless we see here, I think, a natural line of evolution. The battle of socialism against unlimited private profit is being won in detail hour by hour. In these particular fields—it remains acute elsewhere—this is no longer the pressing problem. There is, for instance, no so-called important political question so really unimportant, so irrelevant to the reorganization of the economic life of Great Britain, as the nationalization of the railways.

It is true that many big undertakings, particularly public utility enterprises and other business requiring a large fixed capital, still need to be semi-socialized. But we must keep our minds flexible regarding the forms of this semi-socialism. We must take full advantage of the natural tendencies

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of the day, and we must probably prefer semi-autonomous corporations to organs of the central government for which ministers of state are directly responsible.

I criticize doctrinaire state socialism, not because it seeks to engage men's altruistic impulses in the service of society, or because it departs from laissez-faire, or because it takes away from man's natural liberty to make a million, or because it has courage for bold experiments. All these things I applaud. I criticize it because it misses the significance of what is actually happening; because it is, in fact, little better than a dusty survival of a plan to meet the problems of fifty years ago, based on a misunderstanding of what someone said a hundred years ago. Nineteenth century state socialism and nineteenth century individualism, both equally laid all their stress on freedom, the one negatively to avoid limitations on existing freedom, the other positively to destroy natural or acquired monopolies. They are different reactions to the same intellectual atmosphere.

(2) I come next to a criterion of Agenda which is particularly relevant to what it is urgent and desirable to do in the near future. We must aim at separating those services which are *technically social* from those which are *technically individual.* The most important Agenda of the state relate not to those activities which private individuals are already fulfilling, but to those functions which fall outside the sphere of the individual, to those decisions which are made by *no one* if the state does not make them. The important thing for government is not to do things which individuals are doing already, and to do them a little better or a little worse; but to do things which at present are not done at all.

It is not within the scope of my purpose on this occasion to develop practical policies. I limit myself, therefore, to naming some instances of what I mean from amongst those problems about which I happen to have thought most.

Many of the greatest economic evils of our time are the fruits of risk, uncertainty and ignorance. It is because particular individuals, fortunate in situation or in abilities, are able to take advantage of uncertainty and ignorance, and also because for the same reason big business is often a lottery, that great inequalities of wealth come about; and these same factors are also the cause of the unemployment of labor, or the disappointment of reasonable business expectations, and of the impairment of efficiency and production. Yet the cure lies outside the operations of individuals; it may even be to the interest of individuals to aggravate the disease. I believe that the cure for these things is partly to be sought in the deliberate control of the currency and of credit by a central institution, and partly in the collection and dissemination on a great scale of data relating to the business situation, including the full publicity, by law if necessary, of all business facts which it is useful to know.

My second suggestion relates to savings and investment. I believe that some coördinated act of intelligent judgment is required as to the scale on which it is desirable that the community as a whole should save, the scale on which these savings should go abroad in the form of foreign investments, and whether the present organization of the investment market distributes savings along the most nationally productive channels. I do not think that these matters should be left entirely to the chances of private judgment and private profits, as they are at present.

My third suggestion concerns population. The time has already come when each country needs a considered national policy about what size of population, whether larger or smaller than at present, or the same, is most expedient. And having settled this policy, we must take steps to carry it into operation. The time may arrive a little later when the community as a whole must pay attention to the innate quality as well as to the mere numbers of its future members.

III

These reflections have been directed towards possible improvements in the technique of modern capitalism by the agency of collective action. There is nothing in them which is seriously incompatible with what seems to me to be the essential characteristic of capitalism, namely the dependence upon an intense appeal to the money-making and money-loving instincts of individuals as the main motive force of the economic machine. Nor must I, so near to my end, stray towards other fields. Nevertheless I may do well to remind you, in conclusion, that the fiercest contests and the most deeply felt divisions of opinion are likely to be waged in the coming years not round technical questions, where the arguments on either side are mainly economic, but round those which, for want of better words, may be called psychological or, perhaps moral.

In Europe, or at least in some parts of Europe—but not, I think, in the United States of America—there is a latent reaction somewhat widespread, against basing society to the extent that we do upon fostering, encouraging and protecting the money-motives of individuals. A preference for arranging our affairs in such a way as to appeal to the money-motive as little as possible, rather than as much as possible, need not be a priori, but may be based on the comparison of experiences. Different persons, according to their choice of profession, find the money-motive playing a large or a small part in their daily lives, and historians can tell us about other phases of social organization in which this motive has played a much smaller part than it does now. Most religions and most philosophies deprecate, to say the least of it, a way of life mainly influenced by considerations of personal money profit.

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On the other hand, most men today reject ascetic notions and do not doubt the real advantages of wealth. Moreover, it seems obvious to them that one cannot do without the money-motive, and that, apart from certain admitted abuses, it does its job well. In the result the average man averts his attention from the problem, and has no clear idea what he really thinks and feels about the whole confounded matter.

Confusion of thought and feeling leads to confusion of speech. Many people, who are really objecting to capitalism as a way of life, argue as though they were objecting to it on the ground of its inefficiency in attaining its own objects. Contrariwise, devotees of capitalism are often unduly conservative, and reject reforms in its technique, which might really strengthen and preserve it, for fear that they may prove to be first steps away from capitalism itself. Nevertheless a time may be coming when we shall get clearer than at present as to when we are talking about capitalism as an efficient or inefficient technique, and when we are talking about it as desirable or objectionable in itself. For my part, I think that capitalism, wisely managed, can probably be made more efficient for attaining economic ends than any alternative system yet in sight, but that in itself it is in many ways extremely objectionable. Our problem is to work out a social organization which shall be as efficient as possible without offending our notions of a satisfactory way of life.

The next step forward must come, not from political agitation or premature experiments, but from thought. We need by an effort of the mind to elucidate our own feelings. At present our sympathy and our judgment are liable to be on different sides, which is a painful and paralyzing state of mind. In the field of action reformers will not be successful until they can steadily pursue a clear and definite object with their intellects and their feelings in tune. There is no party in the world at present which appears to me to be pursuing right aims by right methods. Material poverty provides the incentive to change precisely in situations where there is very little margin for experiments. Material prosperity removes the incentive just when it might be safe to take a chance. Europe lacks the means, America the will, to make a move. We need a new set of convictions which spring naturally from a candid examination of our own inner feelings in relation to the outside facts.

J. M. KEYNES.

Child-Study Mothers

IN THE days of the last generation, existence was undoubtedly less complex for women than it is today. For the women of those days understood duty as duty, and they went forward, clear-eyed and integrated, to its accomplishment. Their program included the settlement of the disputes between capital and labor, a comprehensive system of eugenics, a satisfactory adjustment of the prohibition problem, the wiping out of venereal diseases, adequate municipal planning and the entire elimination of international warfare.

Today, the emphasis has passed from the remaking of Society to the remodeling of The Individual. For reasons somewhat various and a bit elusive. It may be that the impatient fingers of women, discovering the social structure not sufficiently pliable to their nimbleness, are itching to be at the more circumscribed unit. It may be that the findings of the latest psychology prove more potent in allure than the statistics of the economic order. It may be that the new Calvinism, with its dogma of infant predestination before the age of seven, has frightened them into a realization of their newer responsibilities. At any rate, for whatever cause, the modern woman has relinquished the social Augean stables' task for a concern with the difficulties centring chiefly about Oedipus and Electra.

Yet how confused by a contrariety of doctrine are the lives of our latter-day females! The feminists of a simpler age understood that once women obtained the vote and men realized that the discrepancy in the weight of the male and the female brain had nothing to do with the question, the methodology of social regeneration would be worked out with comparative ease. But the latter-day woman, who earnestly attends all child-study conferences, all the lectures of all the visiting psychologists and psychiatrists (not at all the same thing!), reads all the books and all the magazine articles of all the educators—students of the infant mentality, pre-school-age-child experts, experimentalist kindergartners, advisors on pre-adolescence, the bevies centring about the adolescent interim, even the latest findings on the college youth—the modern intellectual goes about with a frown below the bang of her shingle—a frown which, my friend Agatha informs me, is indicative of perplexity.

"Sex!" Agatha flung at me, employing meanwhile the type of frown as heretofore indicated, "What shall I do about it! They are as indifferent to the subject, my two, as if they didn't have all sorts of dark thoughts coursing under their annoyingly normal exteriors. They are reticent to the point of indecency. They won't ask questions. Yet if I begin on them, I'll horribly overstimulate them. And in what way *can* I begin! It doesn't mean anything—the fact that Ann's five and John's seven. Those are probably not their ages at all. They haven't had their mental tests done for this year. They may both have outgrown their ages, as shock-

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ingly as Ann has outgrown her clothes. And besides, what's a mental test when you're dealing with the emotions! . . . I don't see why those scientists can't work out some sort of a machine that would compute an average. For how shall an ordinary mother know how to manage a child that's constantly having three different ages at once!

"And yet to let the children go on without instruction—it seems almost wicked, after all that I've learned lately about biology. And when you observe the tragedies that could have been spared our generation . . . Like falling in love, or not falling in love, or not marrying, or marrying too often. . . ."

But the next time I met Agatha, the brow had cleared.

"I have a book," announced Agatha, "and it is just published. And it says that it is a mistake to tell your children too much about sex. And it says that it is a mistake to tell them too little. What you must tell them," beamed Agatha—and when Agatha beams it is indeed with conviction—"what you must tell them is just enough!"

Which disposed of Agatha for a while. But there was the problem of Helen. Helen, who is an only child—the birth-control movement having intruded upon feminism at just the proper decade—Helen is inconsolable. In vain have I piled up data contra-indicating her own pathology. "It can't be normal—an only child," she asseverates, "one parent or the other, or both, are bound to concentrate attention upon it. It acquires morbid ideas of its own importance. How can it take care of its own children properly, when it never grows up itself? Especially if its mother's a widow!" wailed Helen. The wail slightly annoying me. Because Helen's mother never has been—nor probably ever will be, according to all indications—in that category.

In order to help Helen out of her doldrums, I perused meticulously with her all the available literature on the subject. We came synchronously to the same conclusion. There is only one status that equals in its hazards the condition of being an only child. It is that of being one of several.

For here the mathematical possibilities of complications increase almost indefinitely. The maladjustments, for instance, that occur through being the oldest. Both in the superiority and the inferiority group. In the relation to each one of the middle children, and to the youngest. In relation to the father and mother, and to the phantasies of the father and mother. In relation to the maternal and to the paternal grandparents. And to their projection as grandmother and grandfather images. Then there are the groups of problems uniquely the problems of the newest of the family. And a whole set, of course, that belong to the middle ones. After making up some tables, we agreed that simple arithmetic would be practically valueless to us. It was calculus alone that could serve.

"Jealousy!" gasped Helen. "They try to do things to each other. Almost like the Borgias. Because the mother becomes interested in the baby!"

"Then she shouldn't!" suggested I, helpfully.

Helen was flat in her contradiction. "She must! Otherwise it acquires the psychology of an institution child. Which is unspeakable . . ." Helen almost wrung her hands.

Marjorie is delving into the problems of adolescence. Not that her children are ready for them yet, but she will be prepared. "They grow up so quickly! And then there are nothing but crises. How and when should the break from the parental control occur! And ought it logically to take the form of booze parties or of religion! And how about the latchkey?" . . . There is Elizabeth, who is weighing the matter of the individual versus society, or, more specifically, just how much socialization ought, in justice to the future, to be given her Thomas, suspected by her of incipient genius . . . There is Sylvia in a quandary concerning the too much methodizing of the child's existence as over against the dangers created by too little . . .

In sheer nervous exhaustion, I sought Mary. "See here!" I cried, "you're the sanest woman I know. Tell me, isn't this becoming dangerous? The machinations of the experts are not always beyond reproach. . . . But when these amateurs begin practicing on a defenceless generation . . ."

Mary laughed with a large and cleansing laughter. "Bless you!" cried Mary, "the answer to that is they don't. The children don't stay in the home long enough to be practiced upon. Once they have left for the nursery-school—and this departure takes place at any time from birth to half a year—they seldom return except for innocuously short intervals. The extramaternal activities of the modern child are rendered very attractive. So attractive that the gynecologists are, I hear, astonished that the modern embryo is willing to remain the conventional cycle. But that doesn't furnish the child's sole immunity—his own departure. The modern mother has neither time nor has she energy to victimize her children. You may," said Mary, "for as long an epoch as child-study conferences continue modish, you may still your fears."

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Washington Notes

A FEW days ago a Democratic friend of mine from an important western state dropped in on me here in Washington and presented what seems to me a clear, reasonable and interesting view of the Democratic situation so far as it applies to the 1928 Presidential nomination. This gentleman is a member of the National Committee, a very able and far-seeing politician, a man of substance and standing, who pretty generally has his state delegation with him at national conventions. Fur-

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ther than that I am not going to identify him. However, he spoke to me in effect as follows: "Three years ago in our noble old party we had a man running for the nomination who developed remarkable primary strength. He was from the West, dry and determined. Financed largely by a couple of liberal-minded Wilsonian New York multi-millionaires and with no real competition he got in the field early, built up a big organization, established an elaborate and expensive propaganda bureau, had a long and heavy payroll and started in to clean up. He had a tremendous running start and there was every reason to believe he would run away with the nomination. He looked like a winner and partly for that reason, partly because he was financed, and partly because of sentiment, a number of practical party leaders who cared nothing about him personally got aboard his band wagon.

"South and West were darn near solidly for him. In the East there was violent, but unorganized hostility from both political and business interests. Just at the height of his campaign the Teapot Dome hearings developed a connection between him and Doheny. It was a staggering blow. For a week or so it stopped him. When he got his breath and started ahead again it was found that the opposition had centred around the Governor of New York—to head him off. From that time on it was a battle not to nominate Smith, but to beat McAdoo. Every favorite son candidacy in the convention lent itself to that end. It was McAdoo against the field. In the end they beat him, but it took everything they had to do it and the compromise candidate was dead from the start. Among the insiders there never was any idea of nominating Smith at that convention. None but the fools thought there was the least chance. I know Smith didn't. He was merely the man they centred around to prevent McAdoo from running away with the convention. The idea of nominating any wet in that convention with the two-thirds and unit rule in effect was ridiculous. It was just a matter of heading McAdoo off. Now then, as it seems to me, the situation has shifted. Instead of the eastern Democracy centring around Smith to block the nomination of McAdoo, it is the West and South which is centring around McAdoo to beat Smith.

"There is no idea of nominating McAdoo this time. McAdoo may have that idea, but the real people who were with him before haven't got it. You can be certain of that. It does not take much argument to show how much weaker he is than before. He has lost his multi-millionaire support. Jim Reed has got Missouri back again and will have the delegation. I know of at least three South and West Senators he had whom he will not have. The opposition is stronger and he is weaker. On the other hand Smith has grown and wet sentiment has grown. The sentiment against a wet Catholic in West and South is still strong and in these states the McAdoo support is due now primarily to desire to prevent a nomination repugnant to these sections. Very much more than it was before, it is anti-Smith and very much less it is pro-McAdoo. Smith is today the leading candidate, not McAdoo. You have the same fight, with the positions of the two men reversed. What are we going to do about it? I don't know.

"All I do know is this—we are either going to nominate Smith or take another gosh-awful licking. We may get licked—probably would—if we nominate him, but we are sure to be if we don't. I haven't allowed for any bust-up in the Republican party. While that is possible it isn't likely. I don't think they will nominate Coolidge again, but it won't make any difference. As to whether it is possible to nominate Smith in the next convention, I think it very doubtful. McAdoo himself and one or two of his friends are deluded enough to think that if two-thirds and unit rules are both abolished he could be nominated, but in the dry states the practical people know better and there is no better evidence of what I am telling you about the South and West being less pro-McAdoo and more anti-Smith than before than the fact that the fellows who have the votes and have been classed as McAdoo men are not going to follow him on this change of the rules plan. I know what I am talking about. They know—these fellows—that abrogation of these two rules opens the door for Smith. It is the only way he can be nominated. With the unit rule broken he would pick up scattered votes in all the dry states and might easily get a majority. There isn't any other way for him to do it. When the time comes for action I think you will find that whatever happens to the two-thirds rule, the unit rule will hold. They are not going to let go of that. Personally I doubt if either one will be changed. I have heard this talk of changing them before. It isn't apt to be done."

That in brief is the outline of the views of my Democratic friend. In the main I subscribe to them. Certainly so far as the situation exists today he is correct. However, whether the situation will be as he expects two years hence is another matter. It may and it may not. There are too many ifs to hurdle to make safe any prophecy about the convention condition of either party. So far as both are concerned it seems to me wiser to wait if you want to prophesy at all, until after November. Then and not till then will there be a real basis for forecast. Then and not till then will we know whether Governor Smith has been triumphantly elected for a fourth term and whether he has also succeeded in electing with him a Democratic United States Senator and a Democratic Legislature. I do not suppose anyone will dispute that if Governor Smith succeeds in doing these three things, or even two of them, his prestige will be greatly enhanced and his Presidential prospects improved. If he did all three of them my judgment, which I admit is not worth much, is that it would be very hard to keep him out of the nomination. It might be done, but, as my friend points out, the doing of it will be fatal. Last time Smith was not out for the nomination—this time if things go well with him in November he will be.

In this connection I do think that the stories put out and so frequently printed in the New York Republican organs of an alleged deal or friendly understanding between Smith and Wadsworth by which Smith is to be reëlected Governor without much real fight and Jimmie to be allowed to go back to the Senate without serious Democratic opposition is about the most transparent stuff

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that has been pulled for a long time. Yet I am told that it is more or less effective. It so obviously emanates from the Wadsworth camp and is so patently designed to promote his chances that it seems incredible any thinking person should not see through it. But then the proportion of thinking people who read the Republican organs is not large. The truth is, of course, that Jimmie is in trouble, that the dry candidate is likely to encompass his defeat and that if he wins it has to be with Democratic votes. It does take considerable nerve for the Wadsworth people persistently to put out this sort of thing when you recall that Wadsworth was the real power back of the Republican opposition to Smith and his program at Albany. From him the word went out to oppose everything Smith favored. He was not only in sympathy with the policy of blind opposition to Smith bills and Smith proposals regardless of their merits, but he was the mainspring of that policy. I am reliably informed by persons who have the Smith confidence that before the campaign is very far along the doughty Al will find a way of dealing with this Wadsworth-Smith talk that nobody in, around or near the Wadsworth inner circle is going to like. I am told, too, that one of the gentlemen who is going to like it least is the Hon. Ogden Mills. It is good politics, I think—for the New York Democrats—to keep Mr. Mills well out in front of the Republican campaign where he can be seen and heard frequently.

I did not intend to write all this about the Democrats, but look how you go when you get started. And I have not said a word about Ohio.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Broadway in August

AUGUST on Broadway is like the dull hour of morning: when all the stars have faded and the dawn has not yet appeared. The people seem submerged in the grayish haze which looks as if the heat were volatilizing the asphalt and hushed by the oppression of summer which mutes the very taxis and trucks. They swarm over open street-counters selling synthetic pineapple and orange juice and for refuge from the tepid air seek refrigerated movie-houses, where films of incredible dullness are shown. The Winter Garden floats a yellow balloon with a great streaming pennant attached, like the race-track of a county-fair. The girls in the dance-halls perspire and swim round and round like gold-fish.

The new combination of the phonograph and moving-pictures called the Vitaphone, which is being exhibited as a prelude to the Barrymore Don Juan, is astonishingly synchronized and very loud and distinct. It is almost, in fact, a little too loud: the giant figures of the screen have giant voices—voices which, in being distended, have become hollow and rather lifeless. The movies, which no one thinks of mistaking for real, have a life of their own which depends partly on their very silence, on their combining quickly and without the accompanying uproar events which, even if presented on the stage, would involve a great amount of pother. The films are the abstraction of movement, as music is of sound. But when voices are added to the creatures of the screen, we become more conscious rather than less that what we are watching are only shadows. As Mr. Will H. Hays pointed out, in an introductory Vitaphone apparition, this instrument will enable the inhabitants of "every hamlet" to listen to "symphonic orchestration"—and not merely to listen to the music, but to see a close-up of the orchestra at the same time. So that all the American provincial towns which have never in their whole histories got up enough musical enthusiasm to organize a choral society or an amateur orchestra will now be enabled to hear and see and marvel at (as the audiences at the Warner Theatre do) the swollen and savorless phantoms of Mischa Elman playing Dvorak's Humoresque, Martinelli singing Pagliacci and Zimbalist and Harold Bauer performing a theme with variations.

As for the Hollywood version of Don Juan, it differs strikingly from those of Byron, Mozart and Molière. The older Don Juan (John Barrymore doubling à la Fairbanks as his own father) is represented as a high-minded Spanish nobleman cruelly embittered by discovering the infidelity of his wife. After his disillusion, he goes in for Babylonian revelries copied from D. W. Griffith's biblical pictures. This sets a bad example to his son and destroys his respect for women. This unfavorable impression is intensified when the father is stabbed by one of his favorites. The young man sets out upon a systematic career of libertinage and heartlessness. Arriving in Rome, he attracts the attention of Lucrezia Borgia, who makes passionate advances to him. Knowing, however, the reputation of the Borgias as Renaissance poisoners, he makes a point of preventing the Duke Della Varnese (father of a beautiful American girl, Mary Astor) from drinking wine at one of the Borgias' Babylonian banquets and thus saves the old man's life. Repulsing the advances of Lucrezia, he falls in love with the beautiful American, who, by driving him out of her bedroom at night, restores his faith in women's honor. When she is about to be married against her will by the Borgias to a wicked nobleman, he dashes into the bridal chamber, kills the nobleman in single combat, escapes from the Castel di San Angelo by diving under the Tiber through a fissure in the prison; and carries off the young American on horseback, while cutting down an armed pursuit of six or eight horsemen.

The Warner Theatre is decorated with a gigantic apotheosis of Mr. Barrymore kissing a girl in the clouds; and specially printed programs in three colors are sold as you go in. Outside, there is a set of magic pictures on which blue and red lights are flashed alternately and so contrived that, when the blue is turned on, naked female figures appear which were previously invisible; and in the lobby a full-length painting of Mr. Barrymore, flanked by portraits of Earl Carroll nymphs half the size of the star, is exhibited day and night under an illumination which constantly changes color like the galaxies of Fourth of July rockets. The ushers are dressed in high ruffed collars and long bell-skirted gowns designed to make the visitor feel at once that he is in full fifteenth century. They must be extremely hot.

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I lately complained of the machine-made and rather objectionable sketches which E. P. McEvoy contributed to the new Ziegfeld show. Perhaps writing to order for Ziegfeld prevented him from appearing at his best. His new revue, Americana, is much better. It sometimes suggests John Lawson's Processional—particularly in such numbers as the song called The Kosher Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan and the skit called The Potters' Sunday Morning, in which we see the Rev. Francis X. Musseltoff delivering a sermon over the radio at the same time that the heroes of the comic strip appear and swat each other over the head with silent ballooned detonations of "Pow!" and "Wham!" (It was precisely the "Pow!" and "Wham!" element, however, that I objected to in the Ziegfeld sketches.) McEvoy's satire is all systematic and venomous: he has no gaiety or lightness. And, for this reason, the material he writes for his love scenes and his singing soubrettes is always off key. What McEvoy's revues need is someone like P. G. Wodehouse to do this sort of thing for him. It is out of place to make the girls sing lyrics which sound as if they were satirizing themselves in the vein of The Potters—especially such agreeable girls as some of those in Americana.

EDMUND WILSON.

Just Like Mr. Jones

YOU look," says Mr. Jones, "you look exactly like so-and-so, the vice-president of our bank."

Yes, Mr. Jones, I think I see what you mean, or at any rate that's what I reply. I'm glad that you didn't use the phrase "spitting image." The feeling you had would have been the same, no matter what your words—a feeling, not so intense, but not unlike what comes over you when you stand with your back to a warm fire. Neither I nor the vice-president means much to you, but the click in your mind which assimilates us brings with it a sort of a mild glow. As a result of hitting upon this resemblance, you are slightly more cheerful, for out of two mysterious human units you have managed temporarily to make only one. By reducing the number of phenomena outside yourself which must be taken into consideration, your world is just a little bit smaller than it might have been, and by just that much, therefore, a friendlier and more comfortable place for you. You are an intelligent, reasonable, altogether normal person, who would soon admit that there is scant resemblance between me and the vice-president and not much point in calling attention to it, but there is something in you, also quite normal, which craves that additional small patch in the mental roof which stands between you and the infinite lonely multiplicity of the universe.

The perception of differences, Mr. Jones, is a habit of mind probably contrary to nature, most certainly destructive of comfort, and very rare indeed. Rare, because by increasing the distance between one object and another, it lessens their familiarity to us, so helping to make that round earth which with effort we keep of companionable size, more large and alien and fearful even than it is. A habit, Mr. Jones, we would both do well to avoid, following instead a happier tendency to find likenesses wherever possible—a sound impulse, closely allied to that which whispers to us that unless we believe ourselves to be standing at the centre of things, we can stand nowhere peacefully at all. We have made God in our own image; a cloud passes over the sky, and its profile is that of an old man with a big chin: this cloud we remember and point out to our friends, while other clouds, which look, as clouds should look, more like clouds than like anything else, we forget. In every state there is at least one Sugarloaf or Haystack mountain—in other words, a tract of forest upon a million tons of rock, a hundred square miles of curious trees, birds, insects, mysterious, unknowable, unlike any other mountain under the sun, is dismissed from our mind, is tied down and brought into camp, tinned, labeled and placed upon the shelf of our vocabulary, by a petty resemblance. So is the difficult wide world enslaved to us, easily, with a name.

"The vice-president," continues Mr. Jones, "the vice-president of our bank and you are as alike as two peas."

A grave injustice, Mr. Jones, to each of us, but a graver injustice to the two peas, as you will at once admit. Your intelligence does not need a microscope to tell you that, from the point of view of a pea snugly seated at the centre of its universe, no two peas are alike. There are people now alive, Mr. Jones, who can tell one horse from another, which to us Buick owners seems wonderful enough, but isn't it a rather terrifying thought that there exist in the Department of Agriculture experts who can pick out particular peas from a crowd of peas just as if they were brother Elks? We didn't know, did we, that peas could be as different as all that? It is not a fact one would willingly choose to keep in mind. Nor is the diversity of microbes more reassuring. We cannot as yet see them clearly enough, but it is certain that they differ quite as much one from another as the players of a baseball team, who, when seen from a seat in the bleachers, are apparently so much alike. I agree with you, Mr. Jones, it is better to hunt for resemblances, and not look at peas too closely. I sympathize deeply; let us both avoid shattering the intimacy that keeps us warm. The world is so full of a number of things that if we realized it we should all be fearfully unhappy.

"History," I hear Mr. Jones remark, "history repeats itself."

If we can believe that, Mr. Jones, we do not need to know so much about it. Which is a very good reason for our belief. So long as the thousands of years and millions of people behind us are telescoped, in our minds, into a recurrent pattern of wars, famines, revolutions and migrations, we can manage to remain central and secure in our own time and situation. If we suddenly took it into our heads that no two pages of history are alike, just as no two microbes, not even when they are twins, are alike, we should find ourselves forgetting to shave in the morning, we should no longer see any reason for arriving at the office not later than half-past nine.

From our earliest days we have been taught to take refuge in words. They protect us against the crushing diversity of experience, they are screens which keep out the unknown like mosquitoes, they divide a vast chaos

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into neat little piles, and cram great unknowables into bottles labeled "terrestrial globe," "United States," and "Oriental races." A name mercifully arrests further investigation, for is not a name knowledge in itself? So we were taught, and it was indelibly stamped on our minds, when, as children, recognition of a cow as a cow was a triumph beyond which most of us have not traveled very far to this day. How many of us indeed have substantially improved upon the child's separation of other bipeds into "nice man" and "bad man?" Barring our specialties, of which the automobile is the most universal, we are still in the stage where a cow is a cow, and a tree a tree. Once the simple identification is made, the mind relaxes, seldom trying to find wherein is this cow, this tree different from all other cows and trees. That precious, disquieting gift, the ability to see a cow, a tree, a man as if it were the only thing of its kind in the whole world, as if it were being seen for the first and last time, is possessed by only a few. In general, since we cannot adapt ourselves to the size of the world, we must adapt it, by the use of words and resemblances, to our own size, losing much, but saving, perhaps, our sanity.

Mr. Jones is fond of books, he is well read, and he has some taste. How surprising, therefore, to hear him say "Eugene O'Neill is the Ibsen of America." And yet, after all, it is not entirely surprising. Ibsen and O'Neill are gloomy, "powerful," and they are both playwrights. This is quite enough ground for a comparison, as comparisons go. I am sure that the comparison is not original with Mr. Jones, though it has fallen upon a fertile soil capable of producing its own crop. Leave Mr. Jones alone and he will soon remark that De Maupassant is the O. Henry of France, that Dreiser is Balzac's spiritual heir, that the mantle of Duse has fallen upon Katherine Cornell. If he did not say things like this, there are plenty of others who would. No reviewer feels safe without his bagful of comparisons. "A modern Tolstoy . . . a Dante of the North . . . the Whitman of Germany . . . the Dostoyevsky of Scandinavia . . . the Verlaine of the Ozarks . . . the Percy Mackaye of the Bernese Oberland . . . " The reviewers often run short of other things to say, and literature is a cosier place if one author can be made to look like another. And so they believe, and cause Mr. Jones and all the rest of us to believe, that this sort of comparison is a method of criticism, when all they are really doing is feebly warming their own guts. Mr. Jones meets Mr. Smith; they are not fast friends, and have very little to say to each other, but a very genuine pleasure lights their eyes briefly, which is the pleasure of recognition, of identification pure and simple. So the reviewers, lost in a jungle of books and writers the interesting fact about which is that no two of them are precisely the same: "Ah! Mr. Tolstoy! . . . Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Dostoyevsky . . . Mr. Whitman, I thought it was you . . . "

At an early age Mr. Jones liked to believe that all others with the name of Jones were related to him. The larger the family, the smaller the world; the more numerous the resemblances, the greater the comfort.

And yet, Mr. Jones, who finds this persistent, subtle reassurance in the discovery of resemblances and relationships, feels, like all the rest of us, that he himself, Jones, is absolutely and astonishingly unique, and that there never was anybody quite like him since the beginning of time. I cannot account for it.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Aid for British Miners

SIR: The American public has been asked to help many good causes and has never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the starving. I venture, therefore, to make a personal appeal on behalf of nearly 2,000,000 English children who are in actual want.

The lock-out of the British miners is now in its fifteenth week. Whatever resources the men had at the beginning have been long since exhausted. Some relief is given by the Poor Law to the women and children but, by law this cannot be given to any males over fourteen years of age. Many authorities, owing to the enormous burden, have had also to exclude children under one year, and have had to cut down the rates until $2.50 a week in grocery tickets is all that many families are getting, and some not even that.

All classes of the community have contributed to the Women's Committee for the Relief of Miners' Wives and Children. Several Bishops and many other prominent clergy have officially commended our work, but when you realize that the miners and their dependents form nearly one-tenth of the total population of Great Britain, you will understand that outside help is imperative.

The women's committee is spending $3,000 a week on work among nursing and expectant mothers of the coalfields. Any contributions may be specially marked for this desperately urgent work.

Whatever opinions may be held as to the miners' dispute everyone must agree that the women and children cannot be allowed to starve. Checks may be sent to the treasurer of the American Section of the Women's Relief Committee, Miss Evelyn Preston, Room 904, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ELLEN WILKINSON, M. P.
Chairman, Women's Committee for the Relief of Miners' Wives and Children.

New York, N. Y.

Other Towns That Do Not Want Chautauqua—And Why

SIR: I have just been reading at the same time the new edition of James Harvey Robinson's The Humanizing of Knowledge and Mary Austin's defense of Santa Fe's creative mind as contrasted with the Chautauqua mind. Probably it would be as painful to James Harvey Robinson to be classed with William Jennings Bryan among the Chautauqua-minded as it would be to Mary Austin to be described as encouraging that snobbish attitude once attributed to Boston, later on to Bohemian circles in San Francisco and then in Greenwich Village; by Mrs. Austin herself in this article to New York in general; but evidently now coveted for Santa Fe—the attitude of a cultural elect which produces superior literature and art "not by taking pains," in another of Mrs. Austin's phrases, "but by having them."

Recognizing that they are easily cleared of the respective charges of "Chautauqua-mindedness" and cultural snobbery, I would like nevertheless to point out that Mrs. Austin's thesis that the two types of culture—the creative and the popular—are incompatible in the same community, is in fact in direct conflict with the thesis, which I believe to be sound, set forth in The Humanizing of Knowledge.

Mrs. Austin's rather naïve disclosure that more than a score of her protestants were after all members of the Chamber of Commerce, and that the local paper was able to publish "a long list of artists of every description resident in Santa Fe" who have in-

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comes and properties which put them among the "solid citizens," may put us on the track of a more complete understanding. There is more than one way of advertising a town, as Dayton, Tennessee, discovered, and it may well be that the prosperous creative artists of Santa Fe are subconsciously aware that there is more in the rejection of the Chautauqua enterprise than the mere "uniqueness of joyous adventure."

Mrs. Austin admits that in our cultural evolution Chautauqua has a legitimate, even an honored place. She thinks that it belongs to and legitimately ends with the era of William Jennings Bryan. But in this long period, in every town in which there have been Chautauqua assemblies, there have always been plenty of people who, like the Santa Fe artists, have not wanted it. They have been individuals of a superior sort, who look down on the entertainers and popularizers, or else "solid citizens" who have not enough community spirit to join in a coöperative enterprise which may cost them money or work.

In the past two years I have talked with and heard about an astonishing number of people who will be greatly heartened to learn that it has become the thing not to want a Chautauqua. Mrs. Austin is right about that. The example of Santa Fe may encourage a "fumbling movement" all over the West in opposition to what the "best women" and some of the best men are trying to do in bringing lectures and music and wholesome entertainment to their towns. As to whether it will, in so doing, really encourage in these western towns an alternative culture, one "rooted in the living processes of community life," I remain in doubt.

My own observation is that the same people who are for the humanizing of knowledge may also be scientific-minded. My belief is that the scholar may "take the by-stander into account" without sacrificing the "uncolored virginity of his approach" to the discovery of truth; and that an artistic community which scorns to live in the same city with those who attend Chautauqua lectures may cause some amusement among its contemporaries.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

(On a Chautauqua circuit in the Middle West.)

Texas and Textbooks

SIR: I noticed in your issue of July 21, editorial paragraphs commenting sharply upon the supposed action of the Texas Legislature forbidding the teaching of evolution in the public schools of Texas.

Permit me to inform you that the Texas Legislature has never taken any action in any form whatsoever concerning the teaching of evolution. I suppose that your comments were based upon editorials in the San Antonio Express devoted to a castigation of the State Textbook Board for its action in having science books edited for adoption in the public schools of the state, so as to eliminate all references to evolution. The State Textbook Board is made up of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Governor, and certain appointees of the Governor. There is no state law requiring the Board to take such action as it has in the premises.

In view of the political situation in this state the action of this board can hardly be interpreted as representative of the "intelligentsia" of Texas, so that your sarcasm is hardly pertinent.

Texas is a rather large region with large problems and is more interested in doing things than in seeming to be smart at the expense of other parts. To those who know both states well, which is obviously not the case of the Editor of the New Republic, New York would seem to have nearly if not quite as large problems in the form of political corruption, economic injustice, racial antipathies, and even of popular ignorance as Texas. Sarcasm directed at Texas strikes a Texan much like trying to be sarcastic about the weather conditions of the Sahara or of the Antarctic regions. Texas just *is* and those who know her best are more interested in understanding than in condemning.

The election of the Fergusons was probably due to the very rational feeling that "it is better to lose one's money than one's liberty," and now that there is less danger to liberty the Fergusons have been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls. The writer is inclined to think that the best intelligence dictated both the election of the Fergusons and their final repudiation. We shall probably in time get a Text Book Board who will have vision enough to realize that they cannot set up a special kind of science in Texas.

In the state higher institutions of learning in Texas there are no more restrictions on the teaching of science than in the universities of New York state or of other parts of this country—that is to say, no restrictions whatever.

J. E. PEARCE.

Austin, Texas.

An Art Library

SIR: In the light of a recent editorial paragraph in the New Republic, in reference to the renting of paintings, I wonder if you would not be interested to learn that the suggestion there made has been anticipated in the city of Chicago.

The Chicago Galleries Association has not only provided a meeting place of producers and buyers in the world of art, but has done exactly what your paragraph suggests: it provides a means by which persons paying a small fee may have a new oil painting or piece of sculpture every thirty days. The Association not only circulates these works of art somewhat after the method of a library, but delivers them and calls for them at the end of the period arranged. If anyone wishes further information, it may be obtained from Mr. G. B. Camp, Chicago Galleries Association, 220 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

J. SPENCER DICKERSON.

Chicago, Ill.

Why Is New York Hated?

SIR: As to the dislike of New York by Americans, while the New Republic and others are right when they attribute this partly to unsophisticated rural distrust, how do you explain a certain other more unique aspect of the matter?

New York is hated even by its own state. Boston is not hated by Massachusetts nor Chicago by Illinois. Each of these cities is the beloved metropolis of a great section embracing its own and other states.

Perhaps it would put us on the right track to reflect that for better and for worse, foreign elements have long found in New York their freest scope and a decisive influence.

It is a common remark that New York is the most provincial of American cities. That is hardly fair, for all America is provincial. But the whole nation and even New York's own state do correctly sense that in certain of her major manifestations this city is alien, and the opposition of native and alien is a reality even when the hundred percent and Ku Klux complexes do not enter in.

ARTHUR C. NUTT.

New York, N. Y.

President Plus Prime Minister

SIR: Adverting to the Washington Notes of T. R. B., it occurs to me that Mr. Coolidge is rapidly assuming the proper attitude for the President of a republic. He is to be commended.

What is needed to bring this republic into line with other republics is for the President to cease interfering in the government altogether and to be simply—President. He should call upon a Prime Minister to select a cabinet and then await events.

At present our Presidents appoint Tom, Dick and Harry as Cabinet Ministers and with their assistance attempt to run the country; with what results we know too well. A Premier would select his ministers from among the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, mostly the latter, as is done in all well-governed countries. Then we should know by whom we were being governed.

The existing arrangement is simply absurd. We go through the form of electing a President and he is at liberty to choose our rulers from among his personal acquaintance regardless of any selection by the electorate. Let the President be a President and not the head of a commission form of government.

EDGAR SOMERTON.

Oakland, Calif.

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Godwin and Political Justice

The Life of William Godwin, by Ford K. Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 387 pages. $6.

An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, by William Godwin. Edited by Raymond C. Preston. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. 562 pages. $5.

THE career and personality of William Godwin offer an extraordinary opportunity to the modern biographer with a flair for grotesque inconsistency between theory and practice and a zest for psychological interpretation. Raised to a commanding position by the publication of Political Justice in 1793, and known par excellence as the Philosopher, he saw his fame and his character alike crumble in the fierce heat of public disapproval. His elevated conception of the relation of man to man, which guided by reason left little need for organized government and codified law, worked out in the business of life conducted under adverse circumstances to make him a sponge, a bankrupt and a fraud. His defiance of the tyranny of society melted into such abject terror of public opinion that he refused to acknowledge his step-daughter when she committed suicide, leaving her body to be buried by strangers, and barred his own daughter from his door after her elopement with Shelley, until another suicide, that of Shelley's wife, made possible the stock reparation of marriage. Hazlitt was fascinated by these incongruities, especially by the contrast between the full face of Godwin's early glory and its eclipse. In The Spirit of the Age, which appeared in 1825, he wrote: "Five and twenty years ago he was in the very zenith of a sultry and unwholesome popularity; he blazed as a sun in the firmament of his reputation . . . Now he has sunk below the horizon, and enjoys the serene twilight of a doubtful immortality."

To some, doubtless, it will seem that Mr. Brown has been unmindful of this opportunity. His Life of William Godwin is a very sober presentation of the facts, largely by citation of the original documents. The extraordinary story of that business venture known as the Juvenile Library, which kept Godwin in physical comfort and financial distress for nearly twenty years, is narrated through the correspondence of Godwin with Francis Place, who tried to straighten out his affairs, and with Shelley, whom the philosopher shook down for nearly £5,000. The eminently didactic character of the household is illustrated by an account from Aaron Burr's diary of a visit to the Godwin family.

> In the evening William, a lad of about nine years old, gave his weekly lecture; having heard how Coleridge and others lectured he would also lecture, and one of his sisters (Mary, I think) writes a lecture which he reads from a little pulpit which they have erected for him. He went through it with great gravity and decorum. The subject was "The influence of government on the character of the people."

Equally penetrating is the account of the philosopher's relations with women. Although he had denounced marriage as "the most odious of all monopolies" he entered into matrimonial bonds with Mary Wollstonecraft, with the defence: "Nothing but a regard for the happiness of the individual which I had no right to injure, could have induced me to submit to an institution which I wish to see abolished." On the death of Mrs. Godwin at the birth of her daughter Mary, however, he showed a pertinacious desire to submit still further. Throughout the following spring and summer he proposed assiduously to Miss Harriet Lee, the authoress, urging that "it is not probable that either of us will elsewhere meet with a fit and suitable partner, capable of being the real companion of our minds, and improver of our powers." On her final refusal, however, he turned to Mrs. Reveley, who had lately become a widow, with the appeal: "You have it in your power to give me new life, a new interest in existence, to raise me from the grave in which my heart lies buried. You are invited to form the sole happiness of one of the most known men of the age." Mrs. Reveley who, when Doctor Reveley was alive had told Godwin that she loved him, was hard put to it to escape, but she eventually married Mr. Gisborne and played a somewhat ambiguous part in the later drama of the Shelleys. Then Godwin married Mrs. Clairmont.

The key to Godwin's career Mr. Brown formally puts into our hands. Godwin was undoubtedly the most complacent of men, and thrived on the good opinion of his fellows. His early clerical experience strengthened this tendency, and his success through Political Justice, in making himself the centre of the tremendous enthusiasm excited by the French Revolution, brought it to a climax. When society felt the danger and put forth all its power to discredit and crush out revolutionary doctrine by persecution and ridicule, Godwin was one of the victims. He was not actually tried for treason, as were his friends Holcroft and Horne Tooke, but he suffered with them the blight of popular disfavor. Undoubtedly his association with Mary Wollstonecraft's radical ideas of sex relationship and his own loose handling of property interests laid him open to further reprisals. "For the greater part of the rest of a long life," says Mr. Brown, "he was kept almost continually in circumstances that were certain to bring into prominence the worst side of his strange nature." Godwin had delivered the most dangerous blow at the organization of society through government. It was with contemptuous irony that, having worsted Godwin in a double sense, government threw him his petty share in the loot of privilege and he died Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer.

It was a happy decision of Mr. Knopf to include in the Political Science Classics An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, published in 1793, on which rested Godwin's early fame. It is carefully edited, with certain probably necessary omissions, by Professor Preston. The work is of unique value as a source book, summing up as it does English political idealism under the influence of French revolutionary thought, and anticipating certain doctrines which the Liberals of the nineteenth century took over from the Utilitarians.

Godwin's cardinal principle was trust in individual human nature, guided by reason which has unlimited power over the emotions. A corollary from this theorem was the perfectibility of man, or, as Godwin explained it, his indefinite capacity for improvement through education. These positions opened the way for a statement of utilitarian ethics. Justice demands that each individual do all the good in his power, and his life and property are given him in trust to this end. "My neighbor is in want of ten pounds that I can spare . . . In the eye of simple justice, unless it can be shown that the money can be more beneficently employed, his claim is as complete as if he had my bond in his possession or had supplied me

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with goods to that amount." With this belief in the individual, Godwin entertained a profound distrust of combinations and institutions. When Shelley wrote him in regard to his plans for forwarding the freedom of Ireland by an organization he protested that "association is the most ill-chosen and ill-justified mode of endeavoring to promote the political happiness of mankind." Particularly did he deprecate the notion that society had any sacrosanct quality which makes it anything more than an aggregation of individuals. Inherited institutions, which Burke was defending as the repositories of the instinctive wisdom of the race, Godwin examined in the light of reason and found responsible for the corruption of mankind and its falling away from its sublime possibilities. Government, in particular, he saw, not with the sanction of divine right or the social contract, but rather as a form of imposture practiced by the few for their own benefit upon the many. Aristocracy he regarded as equally fatal to the oppressors and the oppressed. The trust in parliamentary institutions was to him part of the superstition of collective wisdom—"the most palpable of all impostures." Legislation is "not an affair of human competence. Reason is the only legislator, and her decrees are irrevocable and uniform." Statute law is therefore unnecessary. For law should be substituted "the principle of reason exercising an uncontrolled jurisdiction upon the circumstances of the case." The idea of a constitution as giving permanence to political institutions was peculiarly obnoxious to him. Since under the most favorable view no government is faultless the last thing it should do is to resist the change of its own institutions, or "set up a standard upon the various topics of human speculation, to restrain the expansions of an inventive mind." To the argument that force is necessary in human affairs his reply was that "this necessity does not arise out of the nature of man, but out of the institutions by which he has already been corrupted." The institution of private property he held to be a peculiarly vicious influence. He anticipated Veblen in pointing out that a chief motive for property is vanity . . . "to procure the admiration and applause of beholders." To protect private property is the chief function of that political monopoly which governs mankind, and to increase property is the chief cause of war. "It is by means of a certain distribution of income that the present governments of the world are retained in existence. Nothing more easy than to plunge nations so organized into war." In short, all comes back to the fundamental principle "that government is in all cases an evil, and that it ought to be introduced as sparingly as possible."

This statement of philosophical anarchy, so engagingly put, is abundantly refreshing at a time when we are witnessing a new canonization of private property, the deification of the constitution and the invocation of patriotism to justify the enormous power of governments for mischief. Godwin modified his doctrines in his second and subsequent editions (indeed, he was engaged throughout his life in attenuating them), but his editor has wisely let the work stand as it originally appeared in those days of faith and hope in humanity, when Wordsworth wrote in the Prelude:

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
> But to be young was very heaven.

Wordsworth owned allegiance to Godwin for a time, and recorded his retractation in the same poem when he,

> Sick, wearied out with contradictions,
> Yielded up moral questions in despair.

Shelley found in Political Justice a gospel, and it is significant of the rapid decline of Godwin's fame that his young admirer should unhesitatingly have enrolled his name "in the list of the honourable dead." He learned of Godwin's existence and dwelling with the "inconceivable emotions" of the Christian who should suddenly learn that Jesus was living in Brooklyn and attending to his mail. If Godwin's ideas are at all generally known it is by virtue of Shelley's Queen Mab, with its voluminous notes. Political Justice was not only given poetic form, but was likewise raised to the power of prose fiction in Godwin's best novel, Things as They Are; or The Adventures of Caleb Williams, the precursor of the social romance or novel of purpose which constitutes a literary phenomenon of the nineteenth century in England and which accounts for much of the work of Bulwer, Disraeli, Dickens, Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell and Reade. If Mr. Knopf has once taken pity on the reading public, deprived for so long of the benefit of reading Political Justice in the original, he might do so again by providing a new edition of a great and almost forgotten novel.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

For Hammock Consumption Only

Common Sense and Its Cultivation, by Dr. Hanbury Hankin, M.A., with a foreword by Dr. C. S. Myers, F.R.S. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 289 pages. $2.50.

MR. STEPHEN LEACOCK once remarked that there is no such thing as a light book on political economy for reading in a hammock—a discouraging reflection at the onset of the hammock season. But Mr. Leacock was either too pessimistic or too shy: he forgot his own. In general, the same is true of psychology. There are plenty of sound books, offering instruction in Abnormal, the; Abstractions; Acquisition, instinct of; Action (see also Movements); Activity, purposive; Adaptation; Adjustment; Adler; Adolescence; Adrenalin. But who wants to read about Adler or adrenalin? Fortunately, just in the nick of time, there comes along one Dr. Hanbury Hankin, M. A., to offer us another diet: "Administrators, as heads of departments; Administrators' methods of deciding; Advertisements; Agassiz; Alexic theories; American war organizations; Annandale on university education; Antioch College, Ohio; Arabic language in education; Argon, discovery of; Armstrong, Sir William; Atlantic cable; Aurungzebe, Mogul Emperor; Authors; Avebury, Lord." Who can resist settling himself comfortably in the hammock for a delightful afternoon to be spent in discovering the contributions to the science of psychology of the Atlantic Cable and the Mogul Emperor Aurungzebe? Obviously, no one!

One of the advantages enjoyed by an outsider—Doctor Hankin is government chemist at Agra, India—is his ability to approach the subject freshly. Doctor Hankin has pressed his advantage to the utmost. As Andrew Lang wrote in his classic essay on How to Fail in Literature, "You cannot write worse than such!" Thus what professor of philosophy could possibly have had the insight into

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the mental processes of Spencer which Doctor Hankin has here displayed?

> It was only at the age of 28 that Spencer dropped (certain) attempts to apply his reason to practical affairs and discovered that his peculiar mental temperament fitted him for writing books on philosophy and for nothing else.

Alas, poor Yorick! But at least the unfortunate philosopher enjoys the company of a considerable host of feeble-minded. Among them, for instance, there is H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells, as we know, paid a visit to Soviet Russia. While there he was taken to visit a school. The children were asked their favorite English author, and lo! Ben Adem's name led all the rest. Mr. Wells imagined that this was a kindly intrigue to make him appreciate the Russians—but not Doctor Hankin!

> His modesty makes him underestimate his well-deserved reputation for being clever. His Russian friends certainly knew that he would see through this little farce. They must have carried it out for some ulterior purpose. Probably the idea was to make Mr. Wells feel himself to be their superior in intrigue and thereby to vitiate his judgment in any matters in which intrigue was involved.

As we have been told so often, it takes a seasoned Anglo-Indian to see through the natives! The reason for this is his freedom from the intellectual narrowness of the Herbert Spencers of this world.

> As one comes to know Indian civilians one discovers that the man who is interested in nothing is a level-headed man who is equally interested in everything. A young Indian civilian, if you ask him, is likely to tell you that his work is monotonous and dull. What he does not tell you and does not seem to realize is that if he is ordered off to an entirely different job at a moment's notice, he will find it equally uninteresting, but he may be relied on to do it equally well. Under the surface young Indian civilians are as much alike as a row of peas in a pod, a proof that their character has been influenced by their education. They don't talk much. They don't write much apart from official reports. Perhaps they don't think much. Their speciality is doing things guided by their common sense. It may be said that they are machines for doing the right thing at the right time. They are efficient and adaptable and usually free of the brilliancy that so often accompanies unreliability.

As witness, to all these things, the present case! You cannot think less than such!

But perhaps Doctor Hankin is the exception, not the rule. He confesses to other interests which should shock his colleagues. Though untutored in aerodynamics he has written a book upon the flight of birds, having reaped again the outsider's advantage in his unique insights into the strange behavior of a gull following the stern of a steamship. In the present instance his avowed object is to point out that those who sit in the seats of the mighty do not depend wholly upon their powers of ratiocination. What chiefly profits them is an intuitive, or subconscious, judgment. To exercise this judgment one must possess a mind untroubled by intellectual things. One must be able to forget largely, perhaps grandly. Such faculties can be cultivated, or thwarted, by education. A scientific training by predisposing a man to amass data and reason why invariably unfits him for the potent disremembering upon which alone quick and impressive judgments can be based. Training in classical languages, on the other hand, is probably the most certain exercise of the forgetting faculty yet devised by the ingenuity of man: hence the universal superiority of the classically trained Englishman who can no longer, happily, decline his hic, haec, hoc. (American Classical Association please notice.)

All of which is delicious nonsense enough. Yet it is tantalizing, as bad books so often are. Probably more men have been inspired to try their hands at writing by reading bad novels than by reading good; and bad scientific books almost invariably inspire more ideas than decent ones. Doctor Myers handsomely recommends this volume as calculated to make the reader think. He is right! It is impossible to read such things without reflecting upon the mental processes of overlords, and upon the aid which a quick forgettory must be to the ruthless businessman. Least said, quickest mended, as the saying goes.

A professor would doubtless seize upon this occasion to make us contemplate the part that is played in mental operations by codes of decorous behavior. In business, he would say, and the world of affairs generally, men are playing games. The prizes go to those who play according to the rules not of professordom but of business. To win in tennis or in swimming is nine-tenths a matter of perfectly controlled good form. Mr. Morgan would lend a man a million—if his form was perfect. The British govern India not by ratiocination but by good form. That is what they have really mastered in their pseudo-classical education; and that is what our boys, who resist their lessons so notoriously, learn by "making" the Hasty Pudding and the Skull and Bones.

But inspired by Doctor Hankin we might be able to retort upon the professeor that in such a psychology the rules of logic are only the good form of professors, that ratiocination is only one of the games men have developed and young men can learn to play, and that Herbert Spencer differed from Indian civil-servants only in the kind of game he selected, but resembled them as closely as can be in the assiduousness with which he followed the rules of the game he played. The essence of common sense is decorum, and the essence of decorum is: when in school do as the scholars do!

C. E. AYRES.

Brazil Rediscovered

The Conquest of Brazil, by Roy Nash. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 438 pages. $5.

MR. ROY NASH has discovered Brazil! Breathlessly, waving his hat and cheering loudly, he comes riding down the wind with the news. But this is no hastily-headlined "penny-extra" that he offers. His enthusiasm is matched by a profound and astonishing informedness. Let no one hesitate. Even the long-suffering reader who has been most severely "bitten" on the recent burblings of tropical wanderers may safely nibble at this substantial volume. No one with a spark of imaginative curiosity about our great Portuguese-speaking neighbor will leave it till he has absorbed the last word. It is brilliant, racy and extraordinarily illuminating. With a pen that is pungent, diverting and dipped in unflagging zeal, Mr. Nash performs an almost incredible task. Starting from the year 1500, he makes a running survey of Brazil from

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sundry points of view—historical, ethnological, topographical, agricultural, industrial and sociological. He appends a remarkable and valuable bibliography and an index that is beyond praise. He covers the whole vast and complicated area, never making the blunder of attempting to treat it as a whole, but marking out boldly and powerfully the great natural divisions into which it falls, and passing from one to another with clarity and speed. First and last we are confronted by a truly massive array of authorities. The author reproduces the past imaginatively, pictorially. To challenge these pictures would be a foolish ineptitude. When one considers how much even of the Brazil of today lies shrouded and dim, uncharted, unaccounted for, it is obvious that even the citation of all the authority there is will give the subject only in its romantic high-lights. Mr. Nash may or may not be right in all his details, but he is right in his treatment. His canvas, or rather his canvases are magnificent, and sharply differentiated. He gives vivid sketches of many of the romantic, episodic phenomena of the past which have left their lasting impress upon national and racial characteristics.

Perhaps the most important of Mr. Nash's achievements, and that deserving of most praise, is his exposition of the three great racial elements that have gone to the making of modern Brazil, and the manner of their fusing. This is altogether the most lucid and satisfactory account now available of the process which has evolved the modern Brazilian—a hybrid of three stocks, the Indian, the Portuguese and the Negro. But just here it may be that the thoughtful reader, if he be at all cognizant of things Brazilian—that is, of conditions in the Brazil of today—will begin to look with doubt upon the general trend of Mr. Nash's thought. The facts are as he states them. But what of his deductions? The bitter fruit of slavery in North America, the gulf between black and white does not exist in Brazil. There is no race problem. Brown is a thoroughly respectable color. This, proclaims Mr. Nash, is an unmixed blessing—and hastens on to a consideration of the vast resources, the limitless Opportunity open to this brown man. The present is no place for a polemic, but it must be noted that, interesting and admirable as are Mr. Nash's studies, they do not go far toward supporting his theory of a boundlessly brilliant future for Brazil. He admits it to be a "backward" nation, but pleads for time, education and unrestricted immigration. Some observers of this backwardness of modern Brazil give it another name and call it decadence. Mr. Nash will have none of this point of view. Yet one cannot but perceive that he closes his eyes to much that his own penetrating and skilful exposition would suggest. A significant fact, and one which certainly serves to keep the optimistic side of the scale high, is that he omits altogether any discussion of national affairs and thus overlooks the almost hopeless chaos of Brazil as a political entity. And finally this curious fact emerges. It is, in the last analysis, almost invariably a foreigner whom Mr. Nash quotes as authority on animal, vegetable and mineral resources—on forestry, on herds, on mining, on manufacture, on railroading—the tale goes on indefinitely. The fact is that the whole modern development of Brazil, and the resultant impedimenta of what we call civilization, have been the work of foreigners and are largely in their hands. Exploitation is an age-old game. The problems of an exploited nation, be it never so vastly wealthy, are knottier than Mr. Nash would have us believe.

EMMA B. HOLDEN.

"First in the Hearts of His Coun-try-men!"

Dean Briggs, by Rollo Walter Brown. New York: Harper and Brothers. 331 pages. $1.

THE crimson bound volume bearing the title Dean Briggs might have been called Le Baron Russell Briggs: a Biographical Study, if that had not been just the kind of title not to fit the man. He has been Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, Dean of Harvard College, Dean of the Faculty and President of Radcliffe. More important, he has been and is a mellow, lovable individual, who understands boys and girls, believes in them and loves them, and because he could not help it, has made himself the best beloved man in the history of Harvard.

As he came to the end of his last class he read a passage from Ruskin which told the story of his own fulfilled ambition: "The only wholesome teaching is that which simply endeavors to fix those characters of nobleness in the pupil's mind of which it seems easily susceptible . . . and cultivate in him those general charities of heart, sincerities of thought and graces of habit which are likely to lead him, throughout life, to prefer openness to affectation, realities to shadows and beauty to corruption."

A year ago last June Dean Briggs's work at Harvard came to an end. Out of the depth of their devotion the alumni put at his disposal a generous fund which is eventually to revert to the college. It was the climax of a generation of respect and affection from his boys. When the applause following the anouncement of the gift had subsided, the presiding officer concluded the episode with the aptest of quotations: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

All this and much more Mr. Brown has conveyed in a book which was written from the heart but which keeps clear of adulation. No doubt Dean Briggs the teacher was responsible for the good taste and the clarity of the exposition and for the simplicity of style, which perfectly fits the subject. And because the subject was a man of feeling the author is not ashamed of honest sentiment:

> Adams sat in the evening sunlight on the steps of Santa Maria in Aracœli and wondered what the decline of Rome meant—if anything; or what life anywhere meant—if anything. Dean Briggs walked through Church Street and Brattle in his modest New England city, the full evening sun in his face, a great weariness upon him, but in his heart the satisfaction of having that day quickened a lazy youth to responsibility, helped another to see the honesty and joy of thinking as straight as possible, and convinced another of the importance of more than fair play. Perhaps the world might some day mean something if only there were in it enough individuals who meant something.

There are plenty of educators, and plenty of real students today who would not subscribe in toto to Dean Briggs's educational theories. When he said of women's colleges, for example, that they "exist not for the competition of women with men, but for the ennobling of women as women. They do not, or they should not, exist primarily for the higher learning; no more should men's colleges," he said something debatable. One's mind reverts to the encounter between Miss Ralston and William

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James. She had just alluded to the nobility of womanhood. "Yes," said William James, "but just what is it, my dear?" One would like to have heard the function of the college discussed by the psychologist and the dean.

Better still to have heard it debated between Dean Briggs and William Graham Sumner—Sumner the relentless intellectualist who knew little of charities of heart or graces of habit, who pawed and clawed his way toward sincerities of thought like an academic bear in a jungle of equivocations, and who would have given short shrift to any primary purpose for colleges but the purpose of higher learning. But Dean Briggs himself is beyond debate. He is a fine figure, and Mr. Brown did well to make him the subject of a portrait rather than of an educational disquisition. His personality is its own justification. Few theories have ever been so triumphant.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Epigram into Guillotine

Four Novelists of the Old Régime: Crébillon, Laclos, Diderot, Restif de la Bretonne, by John Garber Palache. New York: The Viking Press. 266 pages. $3.

THE literature of the first half of the eighteenth century in France lived in the salon. It played with a fan and a powder-puff, but used them as counters in a game of wits. To succeed in the game, one learned to juggle with the delicacies of emotions, like so many oranges, without letting any one disturb the easy circling of the others. Sentiment had been made the plaything of the mind. This point of view reached a perfection of manner where it took even itself casually—but never clumsily—and Crébillon fils was its spokesman. "If love-making is not always a pleasure," he wrote, "at least it is always a kind of occupation." If there were men and women in France outside of the salon, they were not mentioned in print. Unfortunately Crébillon outlived himself by many years. He saw the society to which his wit had given a mother-of-pearl glamor dissected by Laclos in Les Liaisons Dangereuses, and pilloried on the intelligence of Voltaire and Diderot. His sterile later years were spent performing his duties as royal censor. It is said that he read and passed on forty or fifty thousand verses a year. Outside the window of his office he could hear the sighs and hopes of Rousseau swelling into the impassioned turbulence of Restif de la Bretonne, who was busy daubing panoramas of the lives of those thousands who had not been mentioned in the salons. A few years after Crébillon had died, and while Restif was still pouring out his lava of sentimentality and genius, the witty ladies of the former were either in exile or had passed under the knife.

With the exception of Diderot, the men Mr. Palache has picked out to introduce to American readers are admittedly second-raters. None of them, however, was a dull second-rater. Their powers were limited, but within their limits well sharpened. And by the very fact that the work of small men is more completely of their moment than that of the giants, this picture of four successive moments in the eighteenth century reveals the course of that brilliant parabola, which began in the sizzle of a jest and ended in a revolution. Also with the exception of Diderot, these men are practically unknown, even by name, to the English-speaking public, though since the War it has been sipping their influence at second hand. The collapse of so many dreams and reputations in the War has left us in a mood where the irresponsible irony of Crébillon is congenial to one side of our natures. The irony of Shaw and Anatole France, developed before the War, was social and political in its purpose. The earmarks of the Crébillon mind are to hope for nothing, and to be interested only, but not too seriously, in the ever varying skirmish between the sexes, which helps to keep the wolf of ennui from the door. It is a consistent if not fruitful attitude, and requires a wit proof against the betrayal of sentiment. It is not surprising that in England and France, more deeply seared by the War than America, this game is being played, at least on paper, more skilfully than here. But between our literature of polite sophistication and that of Crébillon, the latter had the intellectual advantage: it knew the little song it wished to sing, and so sang it purely. We wear our irony today with a resentment. Aldous Huxley translated one of Crébillon's dialogues into English not long ago, but Huxley, T. S. Eliot, who may be considered English in this regard, Paul Morand and others are not yet sure in their own minds that their salon disenchantment may not be after all the profound disillusionment of Ecclesiastes. In the day of Crébillon a fan was called a fan, and never mistaken for a prophet's staff.

Interest in the eighteenth century will probably grow stronger in the coming years. It was an age which, like our own, had repudiated the heroic gesture of the preceding century. It wrote a vigorous familiar prose. Like our own it placed an ill-rewarded confidence in the "scientific attitude," and steamed beneath the surface with open or repressed romanticism. And in quite our own way it tacked back and forth between the extremes of detachment and reform by violence. In the twentieth century, as the two extremes of our society grow farther apart, and the intellectual grows more uncomfortable straddling the gap, we shall see a focusing of both the irresponsible and the rebellious attitudes. Many of the problems of the eighteenth century are to be refaced, in industrial terms. Mr. Palache keeps us aware throughout his book of the shadow of the revolution ahead. Crébillon's ladies required for their game a background of starving peasants. Mr. Huxley's writings only show their full significance against the bread-lines of a million or so jobless men, and a general strike which is the first of a series of breakdowns in our industrial countries. It does not take a Cassandra to see the factors at work.

Mr. Palache's book, which is concerned primarily with literary values, handles these issues only by implication. Both his biographies and his criticism are sketchy, but he singles out nevertheless in each chapter the particular quality of his man. Crébillon perfects his skill in a few dialogues, and drops into uninteresting retirement. Laclos, who filled his notebooks as indefatigably as Arnold Bennett, discharged them in one novel as merciless as a prosecuting attorney's summing-up, and considerably more logical. Les Liaisons Dangereuses was the perfect indictment of a scheming society. Diderot played his intelligence, whose energy and brilliance Goethe admired, on social problems with the ardor of a man who dreamed of a better state. His "novels" were the recreation of a moralist. Restif made the incoherence of the peasants vocal. And at the end of the path lay the collapse of an unbalanced society.

But the world does not learn by experience. Like squirrels in a cage, we tread the same cycle and demand the old, familiar issue.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

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Notes

Flight, by Walter White. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

WHEN a Negro writes with passion and understanding of the peculiar problems and vicissitudes of his own race, he is likely to produce a book which commands attention and respect. This, be it understood, Mr. White has once achieved. But the present volume does not fall in that class. Mr. White seems to feel that he can handle his people from the same angle that one would use in treating a group of whites, and yet create a special interest by assuring us from time to time that they are colored, and by introducing the dramatic episode of Negro persecution. He fails, inevitably. The main outline of this story is not essentially the problem and struggle of the Negro. It might, with a few omissions including the wholly unconvincing dénouement, be hung about a group of whites. And it is neither a very consistent nor a very stirring story. That part of the book which fits the Daquin family into its Louisiana background of radiant sunlight, vivid gardens and Creole indolence is full of charming bits. The rest—the girl's career—is entirely disappointing.

Home Talent, by Louise Closser Hale. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.

BY far the brightest spot in this mildly engaging tale is the scene of rehearsal, where Sharlie, the predestined red-head, stumbling desperately at the stage door, finds herself the appointed heroine of a new play. A welter of stage-bred personalities comes so brilliantly into our vision that we fail to enquire too closely into the probability of the episode itself. But not even Mrs. Hale's sprightly and beguiling pen can disguise the artificiality and conventionality of the book as a whole. Manufactured misunderstandings do not hold much water in these latter days of ours. It overtaxes credulity to envisage even the young thing of High Platte, Missouri—or is it Iowa?—spun into a web of grieving self-deceiving from which the asking of one obvious question would have extricated her. To the confirmed matinée fan, the person of Alexis Orso, the actor idol and arch-mischief-maker, is doubtless a thrillingly identifiable portrait. To the casual reader he reveals himself as a human being of doubtful authenticity and still more doubtful charm. E. B. H.

Contributors

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